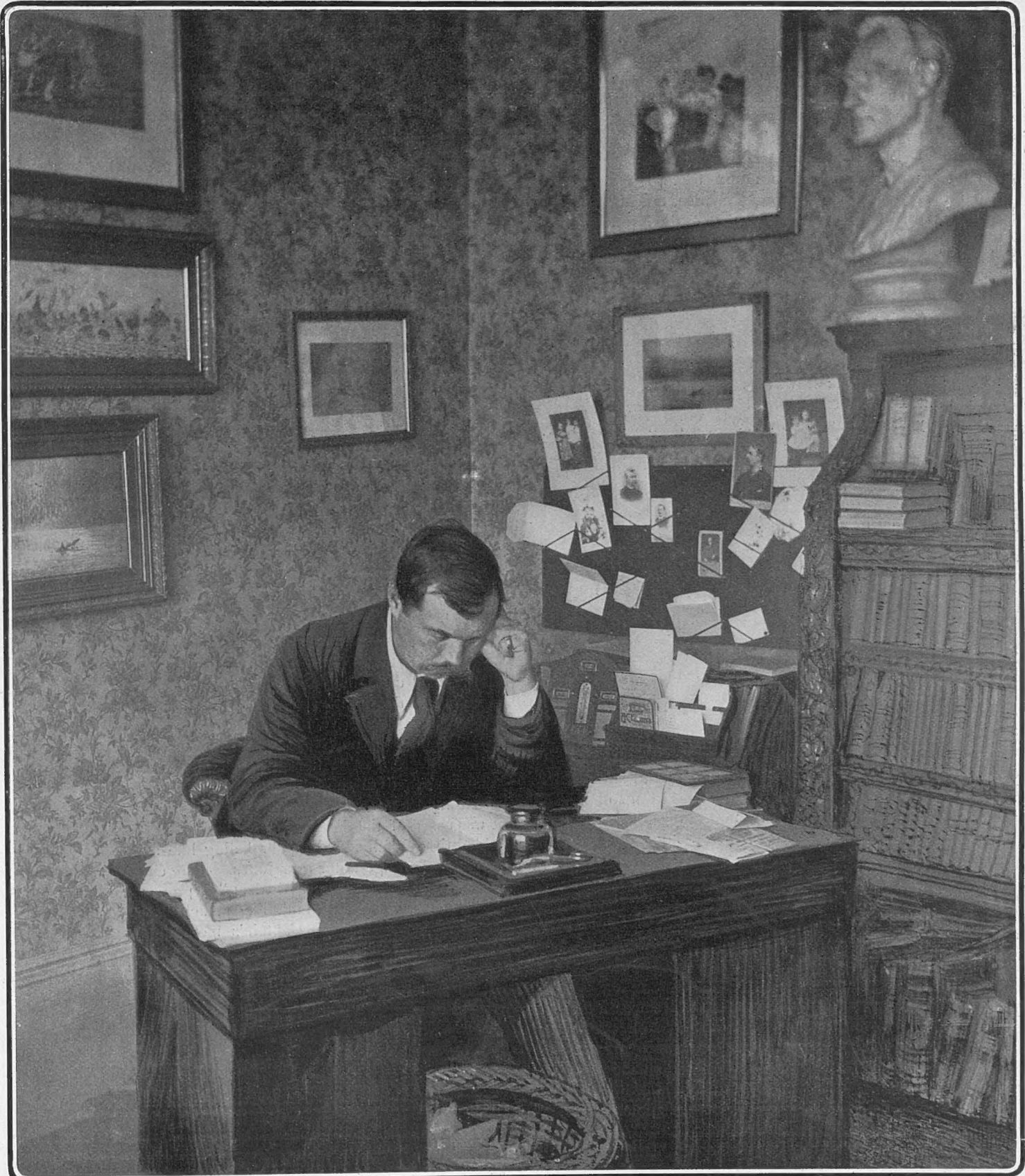


The Sketch

No. 729.—Vol. LVII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1907.

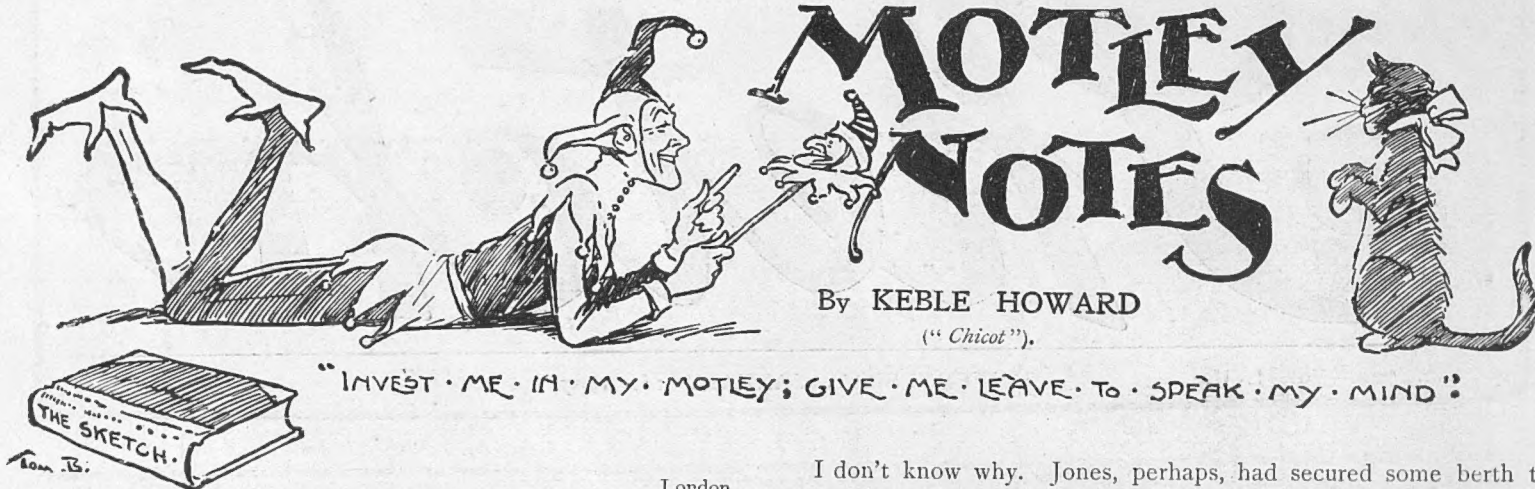
SIXPENCE.



"SHERLOCK HOLMES" ATTACKS POLICE METHODS IN REAL LIFE! SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE,
WHO HAS INVESTIGATED THE EDALJI AFFAIR.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the famous novelist, is making special efforts to prove the innocence of Mr. George Edalji, the young Parsee lawyer sentenced in 1903 on a charge of having killed and mutilated animals at Great Wyrley, in Staffordshire, and has made a vigorous attack on the methods of the police engaged in the affair. Sir Arthur makes a strong point of the fact that Mr. Edalji is so short-sighted that it would be more than difficult for him to accomplish by night such crimes as those with which he was accused, much less escape the many detectives who were watching for the perpetrator of the outrages.

Photograph by Fradelle and Young.



An Ugly
Subject.

Dame Nature and I, on a day, fell to talking of spite.

"Not to be confused," said the old lady, whose very appearance belied personal knowledge of so ugly a subject, "with revenge."

"Can you distinguish between them?"

"Of course. Revenge is a primitive form of justice; the deliberate infliction of an injury in return for an injury received. Spite is a baser thing, proceeding from malice, rancour, jealousy. Revenge, ugly and foolish though it is, works in the light. The man about to be revenged will not hesitate to warn his enemy of his approach. Spite, on the other hand, works in the dark. The spiteful man stabs in the back. Revenge may bring with it a certain feeling of animal exultation. Spite is not even its own reward, save to the very vicious or the very cowardly."

"In other words, revenge is natural and spite unnatural?"

"Wrong. Both are unnatural. In the earliest days of the world revenge was natural; it was even a rite. Later, as men grew more utilitarian, revenge was employed as a preventive measure, just as your own law to-day revenges itself on criminals. But revenge has no natural place in the scheme of life of the modern educated man."

"That depresses me," said I.

The Scythe
of Time.

"Why?" asked the Dame.

"Because I rather pride myself on my capacity for revenge."

"Rubbish, my little man! Have you ever revenged yourself on anybody?"

"Of course!"

"Tell me when."

I considered. I thought of this person and of that who, for some queer, subtle, hazy reason had endeavoured to do me an injury. I remembered that, at the time, I had vowed all sorts of vengeance. Yet, somehow or other, the years had rolled on and the guilty ones, so far as I was concerned, had gone unscathed.

"Can't you remember one single instance?" jeered the old lady.

"I—I don't think I can. You see, I've always been so busy."

"That's not the reason. You've never revenged yourself because there's never been any necessity. Somebody else has done it for you."

"Indeed? May I ask the name of my confederate?"

"Time, my dear. You know the old tag. Take your enemies of, say, ten years ago: how many remain to annoy you?"

"That's true," I admitted. "They've all disappeared. I can't help feeling rather sorry, in a way."

Dame Nature's
Allegory.

"I have told you," said the Dame, "a few of the things that always make me laugh. You can add to those the revengeful man or woman."

If you could only get into the habit of standing outside yourself for an hour a day, so that you might see yourself and those surrounding you in perspective, you would be a wiser and a happier man."

"That sounds rather fascinating. How's it done?"

"Cultivate your imagination. If you like, I'll illustrate my meaning with a little story."

I held my breath.

"This will show you the comic side of revenge. Once upon a time, and not so very long ago either, a ship was wrecked on the high seas. Some twenty of the passengers succeeded in launching a boat, and the boat lived. Among the number were two men, named, if you like, Smith and Jones. Smith hated Jones.

I don't know why. Jones, perhaps, had secured some berth that Smith coveted. Anyway, Smith took his hatred with him into that little boat. This was foolish, because the boat was already overloaded, and it was very necessary that the men should work harmoniously together if they were ever to make land."

"Why didn't they leave Smith on the ship?"

Exit Smith.

"Well, when you're making up a shipwreck party, there isn't always time to discriminate. Anyway, Smith was there, glowering at Jones. Presently the boat sprang a leak, and the Captain of the party told off Smith and Jones to bale. This was Smith's chance. Instead of throwing the bilge-water into the sea, he began to throw it over Jones."

"What did Jones do?"

"Jones didn't know what was happening. He was pretty wet already, and, being a real worker, he was baling away with all his might. By-and-by, though, one of the other people in the boat saw what Smith was doing, and called the attention of the Captain. The Captain, of course, was very angry. He asked Smith what the devil he meant by it."

"I don't like him," says Smith.

"A fig for that!" shouts the Captain. "D'ye think a lubber like you is going to risk all our lives because there's a man in the boat he doesn't particularly fancy?" And with that he snatched Smith's baler out of his hand and gave him such a crack over the head with it that Smith fell backwards out of the boat and was drowned. Jones, all the time, went on baling. An hour later, he looked up and missed Smith."

"Did the boat get to land?"

The Inevitable
Moral.

The old lady frowned.

"That's the worst of you," she said.

"You always annoy me by wanting to know more than I can tell you. Whether the boat got to land or not is quite beside the point. I was merely trying to show you—"

"I know. I beg your pardon. It was very tactless of me."

"I'll forgive you." A beautiful smile stole across her kindly, withered features. "After all, you're justified in wanting to know what happened to the boat, since you're in it. I'll tell you this much, my friend. The boat rode the waves all the more lightly when it was eased of the dead weight of Smith. Never be a Smith," she added thoughtfully. "Do your baling like a man, and don't stop to throw the bilge-water over Jones. Here endeth the sermon."

"But I like being preached at," I protested.

"Do you? Well, I don't like preaching. That's not my way of teaching. I prefer the Captain's method—hit 'em over the head and be done with it."

"That's not very sporting, seeing that we can't hit back at you."

"I didn't say it *was* sporting. I don't do it for sport. I do it because that is my rule, framed for the good of the community."

Thus was Job
Comforted.

"I suppose," I ventured, "you always do hit, sooner or later?"

"Hit whom?"

"The Smiths, you know—the fellows that won't bale."

"Sooner or later. Why do you ask?"

"For purely personal reasons. I rather fancy that there are one or two chaps chucking bilge-water over me!"

"If you were baling properly yourself, you wouldn't notice it."

"Oh," I replied, sighing, "I'm baling right enough. I seem to do nothing else. It must be the other reason. Jones, of course, was wet through before Smith began. I suppose I'm not wet through yet."

"Don't worry," said Dame Nature. "You will be."

CHILDREN OF TO-DAY IN THE DRESS OF MANY DAYS.

THE JUVENILE FANCY-DRESS BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE.



1. MISS ISABEL GRANT—LODOISKA.
2. MISS IRENE AYLMER—GIFANA.
3. MISS ELSIE M. BRICE—DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.
4. MASTER HARRY C. BRICE—ROBIN HOOD.
5. MASTER LEWIN—FITZALWYN, LORD MAYOR.
6. MISS GWENDOLEN HAROLD—CUPID.
7. MISS MURIEL HANNAN—MERVEILLEUSE.

8. MISS ELAINE GREENHILL—EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.
9. MISS EDITH EVANS—WATTEAU SHEPHERDESS.
10. MISS DOROTHY KENNEDY-JONES—SNOW QUEEN.
11. MISS KENNEDY-JONES—BRITANNIA.
12. MASTERS RODNEY AND VICTOR HANNAN—INCROYABLES.
13. MASTER CYRIL DENNIS—NAPOLEON.
14. MISS ELSIE PITT—PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

15. MISS CECILE JERROLD NATHAN—CORNFLOWER.
16. MASTER JACK GARTON—DUTCH BOY.
17. MASTER RAY ESSEX—LAGORILLE.
18. MASTER HEWITT PITT—TURK.
19. MISS KATHLEEN BEDFORD—FAIRY.
20. MISS MABEL SEYMOUR-HICKS—A LEECH PICTURE.
21. MASTER GEOFFREY LEWIN—SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR, THE LORD MAYOR.

All Photographs by Speaight, 157, New Bond Street, except Numbers 5, 10, 11, and 21. Numbers 5 and 21 are by Arthur Weston.

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CALTHROP.



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Photograph by Bassano.

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The Dust of Conflict. Harold Bindloss. 6s.	The Williams Monthly. December 1906.
Selma. Lucas Cleve. 6s.	1d.
The World and Delia. Curtis Yorke. 6s.	T. B. BROWNE.
T. WERNER LAURIE.	The Advertiser's A B C, 1907. 10s. 6d.
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The Last Miracle. M. P. Shiel. 6s.	The Tourist's India. Eustace Reynolds- Ball, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I. 10s. 6d.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

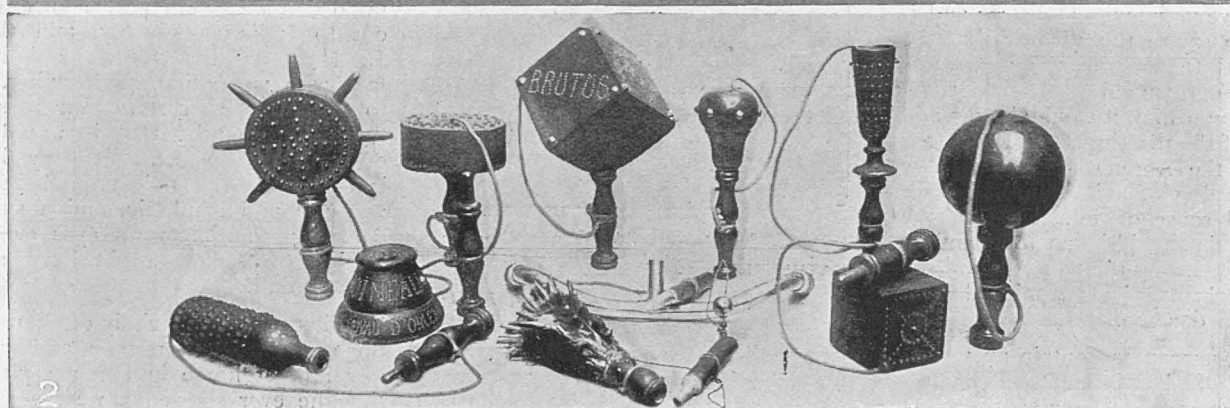
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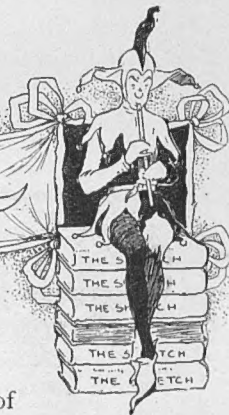
CUP - AND - BALL AS A SCIENCE :

AT THE FRENCH SCHOOL FOR THE GAME.



1. YOUTHFUL STUDENTS PRACTISING AT THE CUP-AND-BALL SCHOOL.
2. CURIOUS EXAMPLES OF THE CUP-AND BALL, OTHERWISE "LE BILBOQUET."
3. VARIOUS FORMS OF THE CUP-AND-BALL ON SHOW IN M. POINEAU'S SHOP IN PARIS.

M. Edmond Poineau has just founded an academy for the teaching of cup-and-ball, which he hopes to make the fashionable pastime of young and old Paris. In connection with his shop he has a play-room for practice, and he has formulated a number of rules. He has an extraordinary collection of cup-and-balls of various shapes and sizes, including "the Terror," which weighs over eleven pounds.



THE CLUBMAN

THE AMIR IN INDIA—NO BUSINESS!—VICEROYS AS HORSEMEN—NO POLO FOR THE KING'S REPRESENTATIVE—

THE MAN WHO MADE THE SHAH LAUGH.

THE Amir's pleasure-trip to India seems to pursue a very smooth course. The quiet, courteous, bearded gentleman, wearing a Calcutta-made dress-suit, enlivened by a waistcoat of gold lace, is outwardly very different from his father, that stern chief, a hill-man of the hill-men, who came on a visit to India when war between England and Russia hung on little more than the turn of a coin. It was a strange Court that accompanied the old Amir, and the political officers were at their wits' end how to deal with some of the *personnel*. And the screaming Cabuli stallions which the Amir brought with him as presents were as fierce and wild as the men who had charge of them. The present ruler has always had some British officials at the Court—doctors, gardeners, engineers—and he speaks quite enough English to talk to his European employes when it does not suit him to have an interpreter present.

The decision that no business is to be talked during the Amir's visit is a very wise one, for Afghans have a blunt way of blurting out anything they have very much at heart; and if the Amir were to say to the Viceroy that the thing he objected to most in the world was that he had to correspond with the British Government through him, it would hardly add to the geniality of the meeting. However, the Shah, to whom the Afghan rulers generally referred as "that dog of a Persian," is dead, and the personal sense of injustice that the weak ruler of Persia should be an independent monarch while the strong ruler of Afghanistan was only a vassal may have vanished with Muzaffer-ed-Din's decease.

The Indian newspapers contain an unusually large number of advertisements of chargers all suitable, according to the advertisers, to appear at the great Durbar. One faultless animal is vaunted as being especially suitable for nervous riders or Brigadiers, a conjunction which will not please the young Generals in India, who are almost without exception good men on a horse. The Amir is not likely to see any horsemanship that will raise a smile, and it is by no means an unimportant fact that Lord Minto, who will take the salute at the review, is a first-rate horseman. The only real alternative to a horse as the conveyance dignified enough for a Viceroy is an elephant, and, alas! the great State elephant that carried Suraj u Dowlah and Lord Lytton is dead.

The Amir is, of course, a good horseman—all Eastern potentates are—and elephants for the great men and their staffs will not be required, a fact which will be a relief to the officers commanding cavalry regiments. Some

horses have a quite unconquerable dread of elephants, and I have seen the front line of a British cavalry regiment crumple up like paper as one of the great beasts slowly moved along before it. On the other hand, an elephant takes fright at strangely small things. A little barking fox-terrier could rout all the elephants that ever carried castles on their backs. I have often wondered what an elephant can think a tiny dog to be—a thing that he could crush like a fly—that he should be in mortal dread of it, and should crash into houses and knock down trees in an effort to escape from it.

There is a curious unwritten law of etiquette in India that a Viceroy, however good a horseman he may be, shall not play polo. Lord Minto may have broken through this rather silly prohibition, but it existed during the days I was in India. The "gup" of Calcutta had it that Lord Lansdowne, our ex-Foreign Secretary, who was just as good a horseman as is Lord Minto, had made up his mind that he would play polo when he came out to India as Viceroy, and that the late Lord "Bill" Beresford, the Military Secretary, who was guide, philosopher, and friend to so many successive Viceroys, told him firmly, but gently, that it would be unwise of him to do so. It may be that the language of the polo-ground in those days was curt and emphatic, and a subaltern condemning the Viceroy's eyes as he shouted to him to gallop might have shocked the native mind.

That most melancholy of all rulers, the late Shah, was a fine horseman, and travellers who saw him at home in Persia say that the only time he ever showed any signs of enjoyment was when he was on the back of a horse galloping out into the open country. He had the soul of a poet, and delighted in beautiful

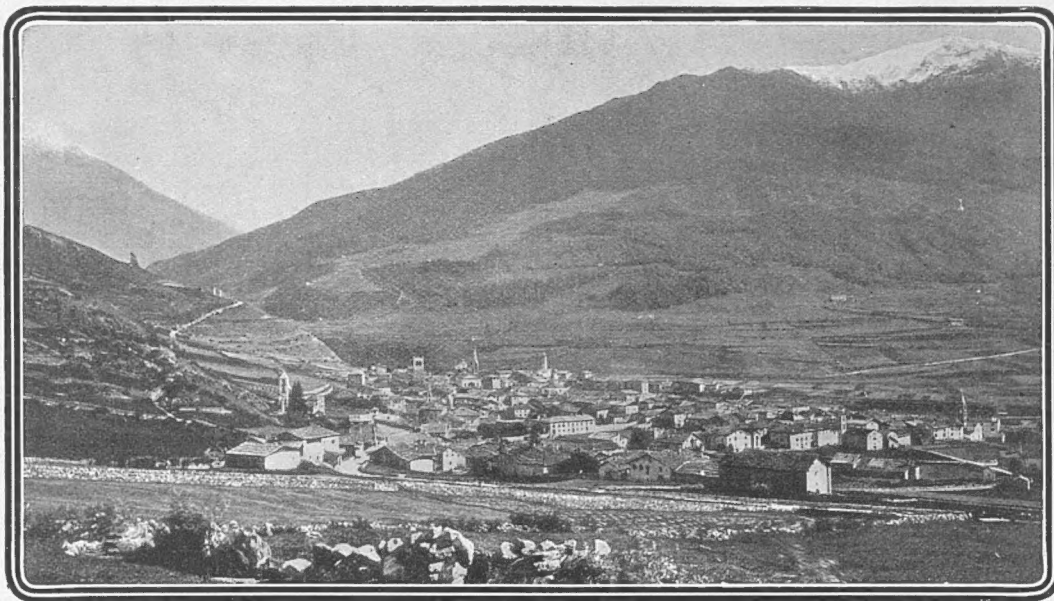
scenery, and he had the most sorrowful eyes that I have ever seen set in a human head. Once, in Paris, a music-hall artiste, a very comical fellow who played an extraordinary bedroom scene in very long pyjamas, made the Shah smile, and all the Parisian hoardings were placarded with pictures and advertisements of "the man who made the Shah laugh." Prince Arthur of Connaught's infectious high spirits nearly had the same effect. There was one critical moment at the Crystal Palace when the Shah's staff thought that the King of Kings

was going to loop the loop in company with the young British Prince. However, he forbore, and ordered one of his Ministers to go round in his place.



"CAPPED" BY THE SPRINGBOKS: MISS KATHLEEN M. P. TRICK AS A MEMBER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN RUGBY FOOT-BALL TEAM.

Miss Trick was one of the Lord Mayor's guests at last Wednesday's fancy-dress ball. The South African Rugby team "capped" her specially, in order that she might appear on the occasion referred to as "the Springbok Elect." She is six years old, and is a niece of the Mayor of Stoke Newington.—[Photograph by L. Turgill.]



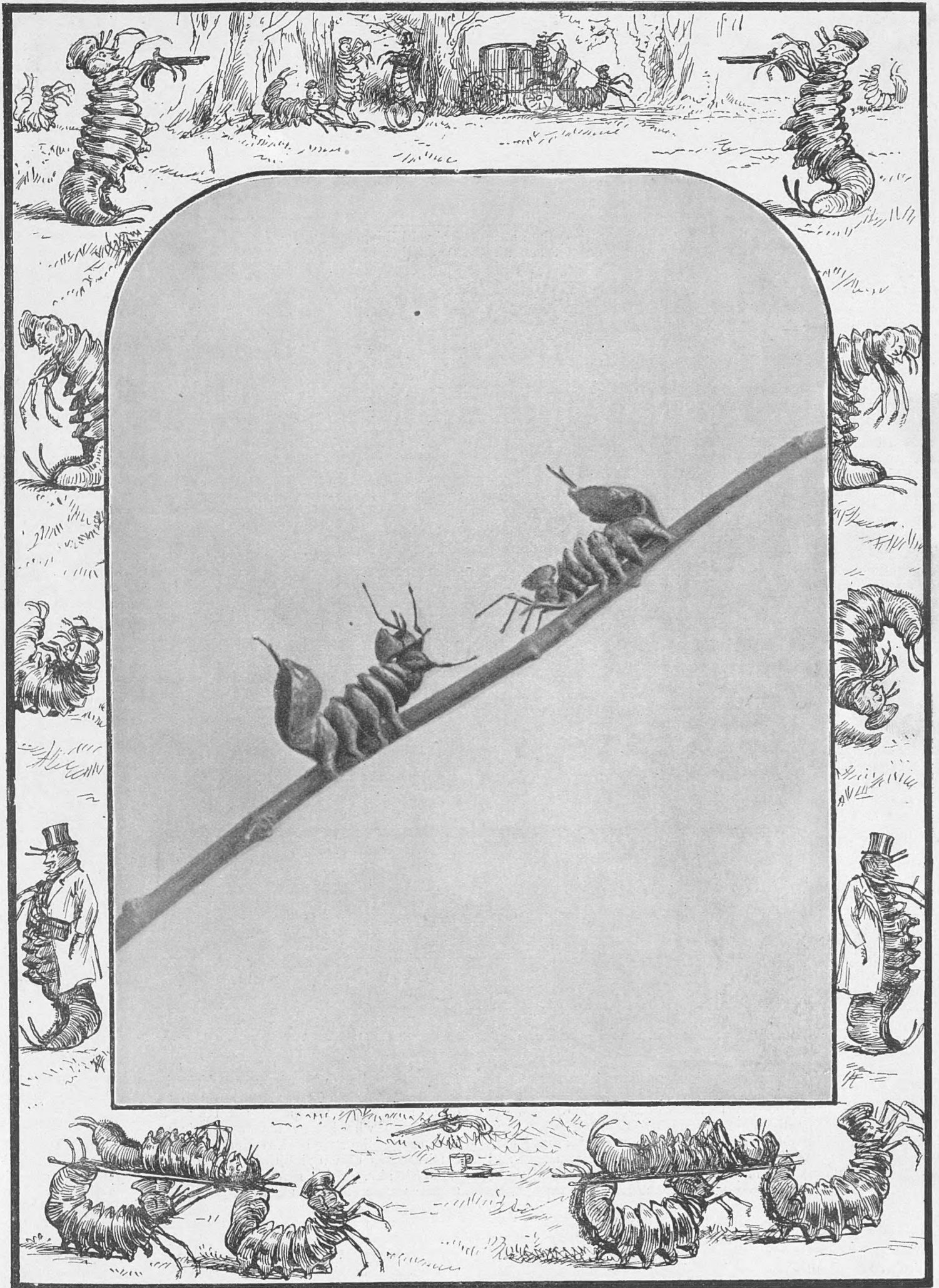
A VILLAGE CHARGED WITH MURDER—KNEEZ, HUNGARY.

Extraordinary reports have been current in connection with the town of Kneez, in Hungary. It is said that no less than half the persons recently buried in the cemetery there were poisoned. Twenty-five bodies were exhumed, and traces of arsenic were found in thirteen of them. Newspapers state that a very large proportion of the villagers will be accused by the authorities, with what result remains to be seen.

Photograph by Wirthle.

STUDIES OF HUMAN EXPRESSION IN ANIMALS:

II.—THE PUGILISTIC CATERPILLAR OF THE LOBSTER MOTH.



A DISPUTED RIGHT OF WAY.

Of all British insects the caterpillars of the Lobster Moth (*Stauropus fagi*) are perhaps the most uncanny in appearance. Creeping along the branches, these quaint insects look as if they really belonged to a past geological age, and certainly their manners towards one another are prehistoric in character. They are great fighters, and should a couple meet on a bough, a dispute as to the right of way at once takes place.

Photograph by F. Martin-Duncan, F.R.P.S., shown at the last exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, and here reproduced by courtesy of the photographer.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"THE BONDMAN"—"THE REFORMER"—"THE CAMPDEN WONDER"—"NELLY NEIL."

"THE BONDMAN," now transferred to the Adelphi Theatre, seems likely to enjoy a greater success in London than any other of Mr. Hall Caine's pieces. This is the more agreeable because it is the best of his plays. One may call it the best without speaking enthusiastically, for even the strongest passages in "The Bondman" leave the author some way from the rank of the dramatists whose work deserves very serious consideration. In it there is more of the grandiose manner that marks his books than can be found in its predecessors; and though one regrets that, after its modern career under the management of Mr. Otho Stuart, the Adelphi should be returning to melodrama, it is well that the melodrama should be as healthy, if as homely, as Mr. Caine's. The transfer has not been accompanied by a diminution in the strength of the cast. The peculiar and exquisite qualities of Mrs. Patrick Campbell were of little service in the part of Greeba, and Miss Wynne Matthison, an artist of rare talent, takes full advantage of the somewhat scant opportunities. Mr. Walter Hampden is a worthy successor to Mr. Henry Ainley. Mr. Frank Cooper is quite the ideal actor for the character of the hero; Miss Marie Illington, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Mr. Henry Neville are the right people for their tasks, and Mr. Austin Melford makes a big hit.

The Court Theatre has hardly drawn a prize in its new programme, though Mr. Cyril Harcourt's play, "The Reformer," is quite clever enough and bright enough for success under ordinary conditions. One expects, however, something less conventional and ingeniously artificial at this theatre. It is really a capital specimen of the well-built light comedy from which nature and truth have been somewhat zealously banished. The battle between the lady-killer, really in love at last, and the pretty widow fascinated by him, yet most reluctant to be conquered, is quite entertaining, and there is a neat little secondary plot for the ingénue and her young lover; whilst plenty of laughter was caused by Mr. Sydney Brough's clever broad acting as a tiled nincompoop, and, by the farcical humours of a choleric Colonel and stolid footman, excellently presented by Mr. O. B. Clarence and Mr. Edmund Gwenn. Miss Eva Moore was perfect as the irresistible widow, and Mr. Allan Aynesworth, if a trifle pompous and over-deliberate, played the lady-killer cleverly.

Far more disappointing was "The Campden Wonder," by Mr. John Masefield; one might call it "The Court Wonder," for it is surprising to see such a play under the Vedrenne-Barker banner. Presumably the managers saw in it some quality not discoverable by me. When read it may be less disagreeable than when seen, and perhaps appear to possess an imaginative note not noticeable on the stage, despite a very powerful performance. I confess that I have a weakness for imaginative horrors in painting, literature, or on the stage; but between Mr. Masefield's work and the imaginative horror there is the difference that exists between the beastly

pictures of the Belgian Wiertz and the gruesome nightmares of Mr. S. H. Sime. It is a grand thing to have managers who, apparently, give authors a free hand; but what a pity that on this occasion the blue pencil was not used to cut some of the exasperating repetitions and remove the almost ridiculous anticlimax of the last scene. "The Campden Wonder" tells, in three scenes and a straightforward fashion, the tale of an abominable crime in low life. At first, it consists of little more than a quarter of an hour of loud-voiced Billingsgate discussion between two brothers, and includes two fights between them. Oh, it was painfully noisy. The rest

showed how, out of malice, one brother denounced himself and the other and his old mother as murderers of a man still alive, and how all three came to be hanged. We had the roll of drums as each was led out, and the shrieks and struggles of the innocent brother when dragged off to the gallows. The acting would have redeemed the play, if that were possible. Miss Carlotta Addison made a vastly pathetic picture of the old woman, Mr. Norman McKinnel was repulsively powerful in the part of the wicked son, and Mr. H. R. Hignett played the good brother with much force and skill.

In "Nelly Neil" Mr. McLellan makes a bold effort to repeat his "Belle of New York" success, and, judging by its reception, he has accomplished his difficult task. Still, in "Nelly" there are signs of an intention to write something soberer (in more senses than one) and deeper than the work in which Miss Edna May took London by storm; at any rate, the piece has a good deal more plot and a greater effort at coherence in its tale of the pretty young woman who by force of her prettiness converts the Smart Set and a lot of other "razzle-dazzle" folk into followers of "the simple life." This is mixed up with a good deal about some Anarchists, who get converted by Nelly; a detective, and a wicked Russian,

Princess Rasslova, who tried to get Nelly into trouble and was hoist with her own bomb; a scheme to rob a bank, and a number of other ingredients that need not be mentioned specifically. Mr. Ivan Caryll, who has written the music, seems to some extent to have caught the style of Mr. Kerker, though perhaps none of his catchy tunes have quite the glucose flavour of the most popular "Belle" airs. Still, several of the "Nelly" numbers will enjoy terrific popularity, and the whistling repertoire of the boy in the street will be enriched by "Back, Back to the Land," "Heigh-ho, How Pretty!" "We Like to Whistle When We Walk Out," and "This is What the Doctor calls the Jiggly-Jigs." From the advertisements it could be guessed "Nelly" is a one-part piece. Miss Edna May, with six new frocks, has more than the lion's share, and we all know that the public feels that it cannot have too much of her as actress, singer, and, chief of all, as herself. Mr. Joseph Coyne played the part of her sweetheart in a lively, pleasant way; Miss Kitty Gordon won much applause for her song, "I Don't Care"; and Messrs. F. Dagnall and Robb Harwood did their level best,



"ALADDIN," AT THE COURT, LIVERPOOL: MISS FANNY DANGO AS THE PRINCESS.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

MOONLIGHT INSTEAD OF SUNLIGHT:

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN AT NIGHT.



1. THORPE MANDEVILLE CHURCH, PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOONLIGHT AT 8 P.M. WITH AN EXPOSURE OF TWENTY MINUTES.

2. THORPE MANDEVILLE RECTORY, PHOTOGRAPHED BY MOONLIGHT AT 7.15 P.M. WITH AN EXPOSURE OF TWENTY MINUTES.

These photographs (taken during the recent snowy weather) are guaranteed genuine, and have not been "faked" in any way.

Photographs by the Tropical Press.

SMALL
TALK

A BRITISH DOWAGER MARCHIONESS WHO OWNS MUCH PROPERTY IN THE HOLY LAND: DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF BUTE.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.

for Lord Bute desired that no memorial of any kind should mark the place. The Dowager Marchioness is a great benefactress to the Roman Catholic Church in England; she is a great friend of the present Archbishop of Westminster, and in the first pastoral letter issued to his flock he referred to her in a touching manner—though not by name—and to her numerous hidden charities. Since the marriage of two of her sons, Lady Bute has devoted herself to her other son and to her clever daughter, Lady Margaret Crichton-Stuart, who was also left a considerable amount of property near Jerusalem, including, by the way, the place where, according to local tradition, John the Baptist was born.

A Court Engagement.

Our royalties take a very particular interest in members of their households; accordingly, the Court world was the first to learn that a marriage had been arranged between Captain Godfrey-Faussett, R.N., and Miss Eugénie Dudley-Ward. The bridegroom is not only Equerry to the Prince of Wales, but one of his earliest and most steadfast friends, dowered with all the charm and bonhomie of manner which seem the birthright of the British naval officer. Miss Dudley-Ward is, of course, a grand-daughter of that remarkable woman, the late Madame de Falbe, whose splendid country house, Luton Hoo, was the scene of many a notable royal house-party, who was regarded by Queen Alexandra as one of the most faithful and attached of her friends.

A Playwright in Her Teens.

Lady Kathleen Hastings, who may be said to have been the heroine of Lady Huntingdon's brilliant royal house-party at Madeley, is only fourteen, and yet a play written by her was acted on the occasion. There are many clever and precocious children in Society, and they seem to take naturally to the drama. One of the first to display talent of the kind was Lady Marjorie Gordon, the only daughter of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, now Lady Marjorie Sinclair; a play written by her was produced when she was about the age of Lady Kathleen, and was acted not only by her young playfellows, but by her father. The cast at Madeley was

THE news that the Dowager Lady Bute and her only daughter are now on their way to the East evokes a most remarkable and little known feminine personality. The late Marquess was devoted to his stately wife, and left her a very large dowry, which included a good deal of property in the Holy Land. It was her pious care, shortly after his death, to take her husband's heart, enclosed in a golden casket, to Mount Olivet, where it was buried in a lonely spot, now known only to two or three,

particularly distinguished, for it included, in addition to the young dramatist, the Duchess of Sutherland's only daughter, Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower, and Count Michael Torby, the eldest son of the Grand Duke Michael. Lord and Lady Huntingdon have one son and three daughters, and Lady Kathleen is the eldest of the family.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF ONE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S EQUERRIES: CAPTAIN GODFREY-FAUSSETT, R.N., WHO IS BETROTHED TO MISS EUGÉNIE DUDLEY-WARD.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

The Engagement of General Buller's Step-Daughter.

Military folk will muster largely at the first of the fashionable February weddings, for on the 4th of that month General Sir Redvers Buller's step-daughter, Miss Dorothy Howard, will become Mrs. Ralph E. Macann. The gallant soldier who is said to be of all our Generals the most popular with Tommy Atkins has been a most devoted step-father to Lady Audrey's children, and he mourned for her son as truly as she did herself. In Miss Howard's career and accomplishments he has ever taken a keen interest, and there is no happier household than that of Sir Redvers and his gentle, charming wife. Miss Howard's surviving brother is owner of Castle Rising, the fine place near Sandringham which has now been for so long in the occupation of Lord and Lady Farquhar.

THE ENGAGEMENT OF GENERAL SIR R. BULLER'S STEP-DAUGHTER, MISS DOROTHY HOWARD, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. RALPH E. MACANN.

Photograph by Stéphanie Maud.

A Born Diplomatist.

He is so complete a man that one had never regarded Mr. Neil Forsyth, organiser of Covent Garden Opera and the famous Fancy-Dress Balls, as lacking a wife. But now his crown of happiness is to be finished by the addition of the one missing gem, and his myriad friends all wish that he may be as happy as he so well deserves. He has made many others happy by that gentle, polished diplomacy of his. Ah, the stories he could tell of prima-donnas in tears of spite, tears of apprehension, tears of disappointment, tears of pique, and the thousand other moods in which the tears of high-strung woman flow! None but himself knows the little scenes in which he has to appear when Grand Opera is in full swing, and rival artistes' plumes have become ruffled. The tales he could tell—but will not! He is a marvellously young man for a position of such tremendous responsibility, but there is an old and wise head upon his well-set shoulders. He ought to have gone into a Government office; that was his intention, but he came under the spell of the great Augustus Harris, and lo! that giant's mantle has descended upon him. He is a favourite with royalties, our own and Continental, and has a brave show of Orders and decorations by which the success of his efforts in "command" and other notable performances is commemorated.



Lady Kathleen Hastings.

A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD SOCIETY PLAYWRIGHT: LADY KATHLEEN HASTINGS, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, AND HER SISTERS.

Lady Kathleen wrote the play that was produced during Lady Huntingdon's recent royal house-party at Madeley.

Photograph by Lambert Weston and Son.

♣ ♣ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ♣ ♣



A QUEEN'S MAID WHO MAKES OVER £1000 A YEAR BY SELLING HER MISTRESS'S OLD DRESSES TO AMERICANS.

The head maid of Queen Margherita of Italy has been making between £1000 and £1200 a year for some time past by selling her mistress's old dresses, which are one of her perquisites. She holds a sale twice a year, and among her best customers are American ladies, who are willing to pay very high prices for these "souvenirs of a Queen."



A LADY WHO CARRIES HER DOWRY ON A LEATHER BREASTPLATE.

Our photograph shows a young unmarried woman of the Kazan Tartars, whose custom it is to carry their dowry about with them in the form of gold coins, which are attached to a kind of leather breastplate hanging from the neck. Prospective suitors are thus in a position to tell at a glance what fortune awaits them with any particular girl.



THE FRENCH LADY EXPLORER THE BRIGANDS RAISULI AND VALIENTE WISH TO MARRY: MME. DU GAST.

Mme. du Gast, the famous French lady motorist and sportswoman, recently met the brigands Raisuli and Valiente, both of whom wished to marry her. According to Mme. du Gast, both of them are charming men. Valiente, indeed, she has described as "a most desirable bandit." He offered to banish his thirty-six wives if she would accept him.

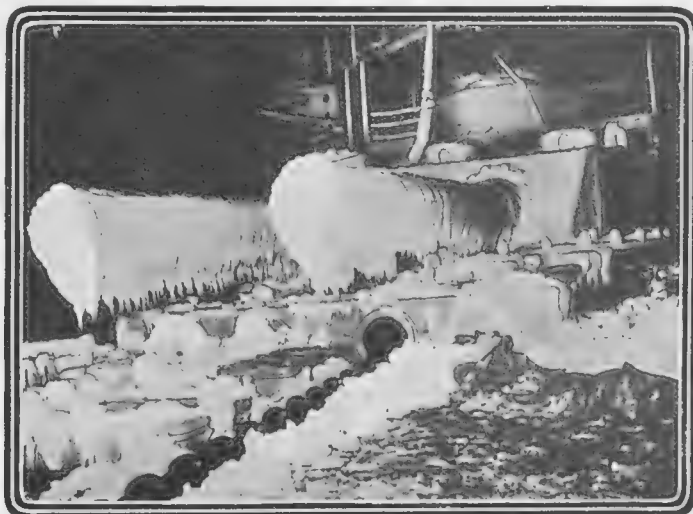


FINLAND ORDERS THE DISBANDMENT OF "A GREAT SECRET LEAGUE OF WOMEN": SOME OF FINLAND'S AMAZONS.

A recent telegram announced an order for the disbandment of "a great secret league of women, which was armed and organised by military persons." The object of the league, according to its opponents, was to enable its members to obtain such exercise as would fit them to take part in the defence of Finland against Russia and the revolutionaries.



BEARS INSTEAD OF DOGS: TAME BEARS AMID MOTORS AND ICE-BOATS ON THE ICE AT STOCKHOLM.



GREAT GUNS ENCASED IN ICE: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF AMERICA'S NEW WAR-SHIP "VERMONT," AFTER HER RECENT TRIAL TRIP.

Photograph by Hamilton and Co.



A BASUTO CHIEF WHO HAS COME TO LONDON TO SEE THE KING: CHIEF SEQUILA.

The Basuto chiefs who have come here to lay certain grievances before the King are much impressed by London. They complain that in their country the British treat them like dogs, although they honour them here.

Photograph by Park.

warm climate. Before our Sovereign can hope to get away for a real change a long and formidable list of both public and private engagements has to be got through.

A Week of Royal Mourning.

This week began with the saddest of anniversaries, for on Jan. 14, 1892, passed away the Duke of Clarence, and in a few days from now the great annual royal gathering in the Frogmore Mausoleum will take place. At the impressive service held in the presence of all those of the late Sovereign's descendants now in this country are commemorated the King's parents and his eldest son; and their Majesties now also mourn the venerable Queen of Hanover, to whom they were both much devoted by ties of the closest family affection.

A Future Earl and Countess.

The number of unmarried heirs to Earldoms is becoming curiously small, and among those who are joining the Benedicks in 1907 is Lord Guernsey, perhaps the best-looking of the younger officers in the Irish Guards. The heir of Lord Aylesford is very popular in Warwickshire, where the beautiful family seat, Packington Hall, is situated. Accordingly, in Shakspeare's country, much interest is taken in Lord Guernsey's betrothal to Miss Gladys Fellowes, whose mother, Lady de Ramsey, is one of the many clever aunts of the Duke of Marlborough. The connection of both the future Earl and his bride-elect with the Court world is very close. The King and Queen were intimate both with the late and the present Lord Aylesford, and it was at Packington Hall that our Sovereign, as Prince of Wales, first met Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Their Majesties have also shown marked favour to the Fellowes family, and one of the future bride's sisters is the Queen's god-daughter and namesake.



A FUTURE EARL AND COUNTESS: LORD GUERNSEY, HEIR OF LORD AYLESFORD, AND MISS GLADYS FELLOWES, DAUGHTER OF LADY DE RAMSEY, WHO ARE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

Photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.

CROWNS: CORONETS: & COURTIER

ALL kinds of rumours are extant as to our Sovereign's forthcoming early spring holiday. There seems no doubt that his Majesty has given up his intention of visiting the King and Queen of Spain, and that the visit will be postponed till next year. Biarritz—"the sunniest town in France," as it proudly styles itself—will be terribly disappointed if Edward VII.'s sojourn there does not take place; but in that case the Riviera will rejoice, for the King naturally prefers to spend his all too brief holidays in a

The Viceroy's Youngest Daughter.

and one can readily realise with what amazement he will see the Viceroy's young daughters and their friends taking part in the many social festivities organised in his honour. Lady Violet Elliot, the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Minto, delights in the life led by girls in our Indian Empire. She is a splendid horsewoman, and last summer electrified Simla by her masterly riding at the local races, especially in the pony-jumping competition. The Ladies Elliot are also good cricketers, and they may be said to have introduced this game to Anglo-Indian society. Few British girls have had a more interesting and varied life than Lady Violet Elliot, who is still in the bloom of earliest youth; and this is perhaps why, like a certain famous Ambassador, it may be said of her that "she does many things in many lands, and does them well."



QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST APPEARANCE ON A POSTAGE-STAMP.

Spain did not think it constitutional to put a portrait of Queen Victoria on her ordinary postage-stamps; but she has issued three stamps destined to aid the funds of the Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, in the same manner as the hospital stamps assisted the King's Hospital Fund. One of these is shown.

The New Shah—a Prince Charming?

Much has been said of the wealth of the new Shah, and most of it is wrong. It is true that hitherto the Shah has been sole authority as to the levying and receipt of taxes. But these Shahs are terrors to make the money fly. The late Shah did not learn wisdom. When he ascended the throne, all the papers worth regarding told us that his father had left him four millions sterling, hidden away in chests in his cellars. The Shah himself told Professor Vambery that there was not a word of truth

in it. "Instead of four millions," he said, "my father left debts, and when I came to the throne I was unable to pay not merely the State officials, but even the Court expenses and the servants." The only thing he could do was to raise a loan—to spend it, for the most part, on European visits and frivolities. So the new Shah cannot be a wealthy man. What he will prove in character it is difficult to say. His father did not love him, but denounced him as quarrelsome and reactionary. It was good for the Shah—or evil, he may think—that the last act of his father's life was the granting of a Con-

stitution to a Parliament which will keep a close eye upon him. For the new ruler loves not the ways of the West—"the sinful West," as he calls it. Prince Charming will be well worth watching, for he may prove a bit of a savage, if half the things said of him be true.



YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE VICEROY OF INDIA: LADY VIOLET ELLIOT.

Lady Violet is nothing if not a sportswoman, and only last summer she took part in the local races at Simla, riding especially well in the pony-jumping competition. She is also by no means a bad cricketer.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

Alice the Elephant-Christener.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME AS ALICE IN "ALICE IN WONDERLAND,"

AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

A few days ago Miss Marie Studholme, who is playing Alice at the Prince of Wales's, went to the Fun City at Olympia, and there christened the two baby elephants, Tweedledum and Tweedledee. The ceremony was to have taken place at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, but on their way there the elephants broke from the lorries on which they were being driven through the streets, and could not be got on to them again. The small photographs show the actual christening ceremony.

Photograph of Miss Marie Studholme by Foulsham and Bunfield; small photographs by Gale and Polden.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

A Fly that Fixed a Date.

Dr. Stein still lacks a key to the archaic writings which he has found in Thibet, but the discovery of a string of old coins has helped him to fix the date of other days into whose history he is inquiring. Often it is the little things which bring the great results where mystery is deepest. An "e" in a misspelt word brought home his crime to the forger Pigott. It was a couple of hairs of a squirrel which convicted a woman of murder in a case which had long puzzled the police. Literature has sometimes to depend upon as slender clues as this for establishing evidence not otherwise to be gained. When commentators on the works of Robert Louis Stevenson were busiest they came across a manuscript whose place of birth they could not determine. Was it written before he left home, or after his arrival in Samoa? There was a crushed fly upon one of the pages. They took this to Mr. Verrall, the entomologist, and he was able to decide. The fly was of a species peculiar to the Polynesian Islands. Stevenson had written the notes in his island home.

Tyrant Nerves.

Only on the condition that he should not be asked to make a speech did M. Sardou consent to be banqueted in recognition of his receipt of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour this New Year. To most men it is a terrible thing to have to rise and talk; frequently their doing so is worse still for their auditors. Tennyson always vowed that he never would make the attempt, and he kept his vow. "But you have made a speech now," someone said to him at a gathering at which he had been talking across the table. "But I did not get on my legs," he chuckled. Seated, any man can talk; it is the change of position which is his undoing. Gladstone declared that he was always nervous when he got up to speak at the Guildhall Banquet. John Bright's knees shook beneath him every time he addressed the House of Commons; and Mr. Chamberlain says that to this day he never rises in the House without an acute sense of nervousness.

Laggard Lips.

Men who are physically brave are among those who fear most when they come to address an audience. Lord Roberts, who never skirred an ugly corner on the battlefield, lost himself when he came to make his maiden speech in the House of Lords, and had to read from his manuscript. Queen Victoria, who had the keenest of eyes for the due fulfilment of their parts by others, was to the last always nervous in public, and quite failed at the opening of the Law Courts. On another occasion, she had to make a speech of two-and-fifty words of the simplest character. "This made me very nervous," she wrote in her diary, but she blessed her good fortune in having been able to say her little piece without hesitation. Who would have suspected Lord Randolph Churchill of nerves? His son tells us that when Lord Randolph went, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to call on the Governors of the Bank of England, he hovered for half-an-hour about the outside of the Bank with Sir Edward Hamilton before his nerves would let him enter. After this, it is not

surprising to learn that Miss Ellen Terry has never played in a new piece, without experiencing the stage-fright which all members of her profession so well know.

What the Master Saw.

A French magistrate has been declaring that men who smoke do not commit burglary. As this note is written in a house where cigars formed one of the principal items in a haul by burglars the other year, the writer cannot subscribe to the statement. Nor would the late Sir George Grove. He discovered a burglar in his house at Sydenham, and taking the only way out of an awkward situation, let the man go. An hour or so later, the police arrived, and made a search of the house. There was a strong smell of tobacco. The police looked at the musician, but he disclaimed responsibility for the vile brand whence the odour proceeded. "The man must have been smoking it before I turned him out," he said. But they continued their search, and in the kitchen found the

man back again, tucked away in a cupboard, smoking his distressful "twist" as if there were not another pipe between himself and the grave.

The Great Unprinted.

The interesting gossip on handwriting, which has been started on a long journey, might be made the subject of indefinite additions. It was the illegible handwriting of a Court official which led to the ennoblement and appointment to

high office of a family which to-day bears a distinguished name in Russia. Generally speaking, however, the accident resultant from handwriting is justly against the offender. Zola, in his salad days, wrote a novel. Disliking it, or despairing of finding a publisher, he laid it aside, and did not look at it again for years. When he did again take up the manuscript, he found it impossible to read a word he had written.

A Living Death.

Life on the Baku oil-fields just now seems scarcely worth living. It can be lived only at rates fixed by the brigands, who vary the old familiar "Your money or your life" with striking ingenuity. Here blackmail is reduced to a fine art. They know more of this than is commonly admitted in America. The measures taken to render raids of gambling dens abortive have shown us something of the way in which private premises can be made the castles of their owners. The late Mr. Samuel Tilden, who smashed the Tweed Ring, carried out a similar plan for his own home. It was never discovered until after his death. When his mansion at Gramercy Park came to be reconstructed eighteen months ago, the builders found that he had delved and burrowed and twisted like a second Duke of Portland. The rooms of his house were full of secret panels. Each covered a passage, by means of which he could make his escape from the house, or to other apartments. Some led upstairs, others communicated with cellars and strong rooms; others provided a way to the gardens, whence a door with a secret spring led to the highway. He had lived in fear all his days of reprisals by the Tweed creatures.



UPSIDE DOWN FOR TWENTY-THREE HOURS: THE POSITION FROM WHICH M. LOUIS THIERCELIN WAS RESCUED BY SAPPERS AND FIREMEN—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH.

M. Thiercelin, of Milly, Seine-et-Oise, recently met with an extraordinary mishap. He was bending down over a deep hole in which his ferret had taken refuge, when he stumbled and fell into it, head downwards, in such a way that it was impossible for him to extricate himself. So he had to remain with his feet in the air for three-and-twenty hours, until a rescue-party of sappers and firemen found him.

"HULLO! HULLO!! HULLO!!!"



BROWN (after a late night at the office): 2747 Gerrard, please, Mish.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHEN the Royalty reopens on Monday for the new season of French plays, under the always accomplished management of Mr. Gaston Mayer, two of the most celebrated artists of the modern school on the French stage will head the cast in "The Marquis de Priola." They are M. Le Bargy and Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat.

M. Le Bargy, who was a very popular professor of the Paris Conservatoire, is regarded by a certain section of Paris as a leader of fashion. His taste in ties is perhaps as famous as was Beau Brummel's to a former generation. Anyway, the Le Bargy ties were remarkably popular in Paris at one time, if they are not so still. However opinions may differ on the score of his claims as an arbiter of fashion, they agree in regarding him as one of the most refined and emotional actors on the stage to-day.

Madame Simone Le Bargy, who acted at the Royalty last season, and will also be remembered by reason of

financially. It is not wonderful, therefore, that Mr. Hutchison—who, by the way, is playing Peter in Mrs. de la Pasture's charming comedy with marked success—refuses to subscribe to the pessimistic doctrine so frequently heard in the theatrical world that "there is no money in the provinces."

Miss Marion Terry's part in "Peter's Mother" is beautifully played by Miss Ruth Mackay, an actress who combines such technical skill with charm of manner and of personal appearance that she must unquestionably get her opportunity at the West End before very long. She was for a time with Mr. Tree at His Majesty's, where she made a pleasant success in a character-part in "Resurrection" and under-studied Miss Lena Ashwell, while she also acted Roma, in "The Eternal City," in one of Mr. Tree's provincial companies. She gave further evidence of her skill by playing a wordless part in "Joseph and his Brethren" at the Coliseum.

The striking success made by Mr. Lyn Harding as Enobarbus—a



FROM MALE IMPERSONATOR TO
PLAYER IN A DOMESTIC SCENE:

MISS VESTA TILLEY.

Miss Vesta Tilley, the famous male impersonator, is to appear at the Palace in a domestic scene—quite a new venture for her. When she was last in New York, certain American "Johnnies" were so struck by the excellence of her stage clothes that they persuaded her to give a lecture to men on "How to Dress."

Photograph supplied by J. C. Bristow-Noble.

her engagement with Mr. George Alexander at the St. James's Theatre in "The Man of the Moment," was one of the most successful of M. Le Bargy's pupils at the Conservatoire. Only during the last few weeks they have been divorced by the French Courts; and Paris is wondering whether Madame Le Bargy will take another name. Whether M. Le Bargy will insist on this is a matter of conjecture, and even legal opinions differ on the subject. It was decided in the case of a well-known artiste of the Paris Opéra that when a reputation has been made under one name, and when a change would injure her artistic career, an actress has a right to use that name in matters relating to that career, though in ordinary cases the husband has a right to demand a change of name within three months after a divorce has been pronounced.

Just as "Peter's Mother" was finishing its career in London it was produced for a run in the provinces under one of the most uniformly successful managements in the country—that of Miss Emma Hutchison and Mr. Percy Hutchison. This is the twentieth year of Miss Hutchison's management, although Mr. Hutchison has been associated with it for only the last eight or ten years. During the twenty years, thirty plays have been toured by this management, twenty-nine of which have been successful, both artistically and



A FAIRY WHO BECAME PRINCIPAL BOY: MISS ROSAMUND BURY, WHO RECENTLY PLAYED
HINDBAD IN "SINDBAD," AT DRURY LANE, DURING MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON'S ILLNESS.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



THE LATEST 'VERT' TO
THE HALLS: MR. AUBREY
FITZGERALD, WHO IS AP-
PEARING AT THE TIVOLI.

Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald, so well known as a stage "dude," is the latest 'vert' from "the legitimate" to the music-hall stage. He is now appearing at the Tivoli. Until quite recently he was playing Mr. Poffley in "The Man from Blankley's," at the Haymarket, and playing it exceedingly well.

Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield.

success, by the way, to which Mr. Tree himself was the first to bear witness and to congratulate the actor upon—has demonstrated the time it takes for

an actor not a manager to win recognition from the public in London. We of the Green-Room have been amused at the comments on the supposed discovery of the actor who has given many evidences of exceptional skill at His Majesty's, and with whose merits all the leading provincial towns are familiar. It is just four years since Mr. Lyn Harding made his first great success in London by his performance in Mr. Richard Ganthony's play, "The Prophecy," when it was acted at the Fulham Theatre. It was subsequently produced at the Avenue, but it did not commend itself to the taste of the West End and had to be withdrawn. Indirectly, it led to Mr. Lyn Harding being engaged by Mr. Tree, with whom, by the way, he played no fewer than eighteen parts at His Majesty's last year, a record which could probably not be equalled by any other actor on the Metropolitan stage. These, however, make a comparatively small show beside the four hundred and odd parts he has acted in his career, which includes twelve years of provincial and colonial work, during the last portion of which he has toured extensively in India, China, and Japan.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS!



HE: Do you think I shall ever be able to waltz?

SHE: Oh, yes! Your time is good, and you don't tread on my feet—two great things.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

THE reissue by Macmillan of a series of Thomas Hardy's novels," says a contemporary, "reminds us of an incident which occurred when 'Far from the Madding Crowd' was published in 1874, and was pronounced by an influential critic to be the work of George Eliot—certainly a curious mistake." It was a curious mistake, but it was corrected at the time. A young critic who afterwards became well known won his spurs by saying that "Far from the Madding Crowd" was not by George Eliot—it was a thousand times too good for George Eliot. The courage required to say that in 1874 was very considerable. Anybody might say it now.

Lloyd Osbourne is still planning new books. Though none of his productions since Stevenson's death has attracted very wide attention, he has a small public of his own. Mr. Osbourne is spending the winter in the Riviera, and is gathering material there in motor excursions for another book.

Bright things are expected from Edith Wharton's new novel, "The Fruit of the Tree," which commences in the January number of *Scribner's Magazine*. It deals with large problems of varied and intense human interest. The story opens in a manufacturing town in Connecticut, and later on the scene will shift to Long Island, with glimpses of the neighbouring metropolis.

Oliver Herford is bringing out a book called "The Peter Pan Alphabet." There is a verse and a drawing for every letter of the alphabet, illustrating some scene or character in Mr. Barrie's play. A few of the subjects are Peter Pan, The Wolves, The Pirates, Jas. Hook, and The X-Ray, which shows Jas. Hook inside the crocodile; and the drawings for them are said to be the best Mr. Herford has done for some time.

The *Bookman* has an interesting series of letters on "The Book of 1906 which has Interested me Most." Perhaps the most curious reply is from Mr. E. V. Lucas, who says: "Mr. Bain's 'Essence of the Dusk,' partly for its own wistfulness and beauty, but even more for the impetus it gave me to return to its six predecessors, each of which I have since read again, in their true order, beginning with 'A Digit of the Moon.' This last is, perhaps, the least of the series; but its companions are its only rivals. There is a tenderness, a richness of colour, a warmth of passion, and an elemental understanding of men and women in these books which one does not, as a rule, look for in English literature or associate with Scotch professors of mathematics. The series seems to me to place Mr. Bain on an eminence, isolated and unique; and I think that some of the prose in the introductions, where he writes frankly in his own person, ranks with the best of our time. But no words that I can write can fittingly express the fascination which these books have for me." I turned

up that useful volume, "The English Catalogue of Books 1901-1905," and found under the name of F. W. Bain the following books: "A Heifer of the Dawn: translated from the original manuscript"; "Descent of the Sun: A Cycle of Birth"; "Digit of the Moon," "Draught of the Blue," "In the Great God's Hair." I doubt whether these books are widely known, though three of them seem to be in second editions. But the emphatic recommendation of so authoritative a critic as Mr. Lucas ought certainly to send them into circulation.

Miss Cholmondeley prefers "The Awakening of Helena Richie," by Margaret Deland. "The story is delightful, the characters are beautifully drawn, and a gentle humour runs through its pages. But it has another, a greater, and a much rarer charm. A spiritual atmosphere seems to pervade the whole book." Miss Corelli singles out "From a College Window," by A. C. Benson, and "The Hohenlohe Memoirs." "The first has appealed to me as the helpful and encouraging outcome of noble, healthful, and manly thought most eloquently expressed; the second as an instructive reminder of the way in which throned rulers and their Courts may privately tamper with the destinies of unsuspecting peoples. Both books were eminently necessary to our immediate hour as exponents and premonitions of the steady working of certain under-movements in the national, social, and political history of the day."

Mr. W. J. Locke, now so well known as a novelist and dramatist, first saw the light of day on March 20, 1863, in Georgetown, British Guiana. He graduated at Cambridge in 1884, and crossed into France, where he devoted himself to the keenest possible study of literature and life. For a time he was mathematical tutor in a great school in the North. It was an experience of which he is loth to speak or think. His first book appeared in



MORE MUNICIPAL REFORM.

DEVIOUS WAYS (disgustedly): Wot next? No hors d'ouvers, crute o pot for the bloomin' potage, and only one ongrat!

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

1894. It was entitled "At the Gate of Samaria," and was published by Mr. Heinemann. It had a very fair success, and was cordially reviewed by the best critics. Mr. Locke was then appointed Secretary of the Institute of British Architects, a position which he has held ever since. But he has not allowed any professional duties to interfere with the daily production of the tale of "copy." Like most men, he takes a pride in the cultivation of verbal style, but he is a somewhat slow producer. But it is dogged as does it, and every year since the publication of "At the Gate of Samaria" has witnessed the appearance of a successor. The success of the dramatic version of "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne" at the Garrick Theatre has naturally turned Mr. Locke's attention to the stage, and the coming year will witness the production at another West-End house of at least one drama from his pen.

O. O.

"BEAUTY IS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER"!



SPECTRE WITHIN (*dressing the window*): How does this look?

EXPERT OUTSIDE: Simply lovely.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE ADVENTURE.

BY ARMINE GRACE.



SHE was on the wrong side of thirty—and she looked ten years younger than she really was. She ought to have remembered

that fact, because it was apt to mislead people. All her family had been the same (they were most of them dead); they all had a kind of perennial youth that shone in their faces and kept them eternally young. She never remembered the fact, because she always thought of herself as middle-aged. And she so enjoyed being older; it made her so independent; she could do what many younger women would not dare to do. Having sufficient income not to have to worry about expenses, she was able to gratify her passion for travel; consequently she was never at her flat in town for long, for when not abroad she was generally somewhere by the sea. It was no hardship to her to live in a bag and a box. She must have had Romany blood in her veins, for she was a born rover.

She enjoyed things with the intensity of the artist nature. She enjoyed the sunshine, God's fresh air, the green leaves, and, above all and beyond aught else, she enjoyed the sea.

And that was what took her down to Southcove and made her put up at the Cliff Hotel. She never hesitated about staying alone at an hotel. "I am middle-aged," she said, "and can do what I like"; and she never remembered that she looked ten years younger than she really was.

She had not married for the simple reason that the only man that she felt she *could* have married—happened to be married.

It was one of those summers (so rare in England) that are a shadow of West Indian heat; it was still breathless, even after sundown, and one evening in July she was restless and tired of the usual routine of hotel life. "It's too hot to face dinner to-night," she soliloquised to herself. "I shall go out in search of an adventure, like the children. I will pretend that I am going to the theatre (madness on a night like this), get on the top of a tram—and see what happens." To think with her was to do; she spoke to the waiter who always attended at her table: "Rice, I am not dining to-night; will you please put some sandwiches in my room, ready for me when I come in."

"Yes, Miss." The waiter looked his regret that she would not be there to dinner.

Remembering her programme, she took the first tram that would take her into Piertown—which adjoined Southcove—past the theatre, climbed up to the top and took the back seat, as the tram was nearly full.

She suddenly discovered that in a fit of absence of mind she had taken her sunshade, and realising the ludicrousness of it, she gave a little irrepressible laugh, which made the man who had just taken the seat beside her turn his head quickly. She was looking away from him, so all he could see was soft tendrils of bronze hair at the nape of her neck, about her ear, and on the temple nearest him, a nose that threatened to be retroussé, and a dimple caused by the laughter. The offending sunshade was between them, and kept on slipping; she lifted it to put it the other side of her by the rail of the tram. It slipped from her grasp over the side of the tram, and fell into the road. She gave a little cry of dismay, when, with a lithe, swift movement, the man beside her was down the steps, had picked up the sunshade, and was up the steps again, without stopping the tram, before she realised what had happened.

"I hope it's not much damaged," he said easily, as he presented it to her, raising his straw hat.

"I don't think it had time," she answered gratefully. "How did you manage to get it? It was like a conjuring trick."

"I was always rather good at tent-pegging"—and she saw his finely cut mouth give at the corners.

"Oh, then that accounts for it. I can't think why I brought a sunshade—it was an idiotic thing to do." She was chattering quite naturally to him—as if they had been friends for years. Her adventure had begun; it was rather exciting.

"Are you going all the way there?" he inquired.

"No—only *halfway*," she replied promptly, picking up the cue.

"May I come, too?"

The night air got into her head. "Si vous voulez," she laughed.

"*This* is halfway"—they were in Piertown—"we had better get down. Come." And he led the way, she following him.

They walked on a few steps. "Now what did you really intend doing when you got on to that tram? Confess."

"I was pretending that I was going to the theatre," she explained frankly, "so I took a tram going in that direction; I wanted some air."

"I see. Well—where shall we go?"

"*Anywhere*."

"And what shall we do?"

"*Anything*"—recklessly.

"Is that term inclusive?"

"No; *exclusive*."

"You can't go to the theatre. It's too hot."

"No, of course I can't. I knew that when I got on to the tram."

"We'll have a carriage and drive out into the unknown—shall we?"

"That would be absolutely perfect."

The spirit of adventure was on her—rioting through her blood.

"Then that's settled?"

"Yes. But we must have something to munch—as we have both renounced our dinner."

"Fruit or chocolates—which shall it be?"

"Fruit demands plates and things. Chocolates will be best."

He dived into a confectioner's and emerged with a goodly parcel.

"We are just near the Grosvenor. We had better order our chariot there, and sit on the verandah till it's ready. I am staying there."

"Very well—and we can sample the chocolates. I am staying at the Cliff."

"What made you come out to-night at this time?" he asked, when they were settled on the verandah. "Is it your practice to take the nocturnal air—regardless of your dinner?"

"No. I generally dine, and then go for a drive. I love the night air. There is a dear old lady at the Cliff—a cripple. I drive with her sometimes; she sits at my table. But to-night it was too hot to eat dinner; and the spirit of adventure was on me, so—like the children, I came out to seek one. What perfectly heavenly chocolates!"

"Are they? That's good hearing. I almost doubted a production of Piertown. It's strange you should be in search of an adventure. So am I—that was why I discarded dinner and took to roaming. Here's our chariot"—as a carriage and pair of chestnuts drew up by the entrance.

"Now for the unknown," she said, as she settled herself in the carriage.

The coachman looked at the man, awaiting his orders.

"Shenstone Quay." And they bowled off through the town—past the Cliff Hotel—keeping by the sea-front.

"I think this is going to be quite a beautiful adventure."

"I should think it is!" The decisive ring in his voice made her laugh.

"I bought an underdone postcard to-day," she said presently, sampling another chocolate.

"What *do* you mean?"—his eyes flashed with laughter.

"Why—haven't you noticed that postcards are sometimes frightfully unfinished? When they are like that, I always call them

[Continued overleaf.]

FIRESIDE PUZZLES, BY "SPHINX."

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



IV.—WHO HIT THE BULL'S-EYE?

Four crack' shots at Puddlebury competed for the annual Pewter-pot Trophy. They were allowed six shots each. The bull's-eye counts 100, the ring next to it 50, the next 25, then 20, 10, 5, 3, 2, and 1. Now, Jones scored 196, Brown 193, Robinson 121, and Macpherson 106. The curious puzzle is to discover from these facts, and from the twenty-four actual hits recorded on the target, who hit the bull's-eye. It is known that the only hit that scored 3, was made by Brown.—HENRY E. DUDENEY.

(For Solution see "Mere Man" page.)

underdone. 'They look as if they hadn't been *cooked* long enough. You can't get anything else here.'

"Now I understand." And they laughed.

They were both absurdly happy: she, because for the first time in her life she felt completion—as if she had found her mate; he, because the woman he had been seeking for years was beside him.

They were getting more out into the country now. He turned to her. "Do you believe in the theory of affinities—that you have a twin-soul somewhere in the world?"

She thought for a minute. "I believe I do. Yes, I know I do. Why?"

"Because—I believe you are *my* affinity—and I yours." His tone carried conviction.

He watched her. She gave a quick smile.

"What amuses you?"

"It seems so strange. And I realised as you spoke that very likely it was true."

"Of course it's true." His tone was emphatic. "Why, one's common-sense tells one that. Here are we two, having met quite by accident, or by order of the gods (which you will), talking as if we had known each other for years. What is that but affinity?"

"Also—we are both *very* fond of chocolates. There's another proof! Oh, I *can't* be serious on a night like this. Doesn't the night air intoxicate one more than any wine? What is it—the magic of the night?"

"It's the fairies' hour," he replied falling into her mood. "Of course it's magic."

She nodded her head approvingly. "That's it. I never could translate it. How still the air is, and how clearly you can hear sounds! That's a motor coming in the distance. What an ugly noise they make."

Almost as she spoke, the motor, with a fearful speed and constant blowing of the horn, was upon them. With a defiant shriek it tore past the carriage; the chestnuts gave one terrified leap and sprang forward. The coachman leant back with his weight on the reins—the carriage rocked from side to side. There was a minute's silence as they seemed to imitate the speed of the motor; then the two in the carriage spoke in hurried whispers.

"They're running away?" Her tone was almost a query.

"Yes." He laid a strong, brown hand on hers. "You realise what it may mean?"

"Yes." She looked straight at him; there was no fear in her eyes. The fear lay in his—fear for her.

"Can you hold them?" he called to the coachman.

"No, sir; they've got beyond me!" the coachman gasped.

"All right." He stood up in the carriage, knelt on the back seat, and, seizing hold of the reins with the coachman, bent his whole strength on them. For a few moments it seemed to have no effect; then the double pull on them began to tell, and by degrees the speed slackened. The girl had sat like a statue through it, her hands linked together in her lap. Another two or three minutes, and the horses were pulled up gradually, hot and frothing, and at last stood still.

"You're all right now," the man said to the coachman, his voice sounding dragged.

"Yes. It was that damned motor!" The coachman's face was ashen; the fear had made him delirious—he had forgotten himself.

The man smiled a little wearily and resumed his seat.

There was silence for a moment, then the girl looked at him. He had taken his hat off and pushed the damp hair from his forehead; she noticed a tinge of grey at the temples. He looked dead tired.

"Can we get on to the beach here?" she asked gently.

"Yes. Would you care to go? Well, get out, and give those fiery steeds a rest." He gave the ghost of a laugh. "Coachman, we're going down to the water; wait here for us."

"Yes, Sir." There was a note of relief in his voice.

A grassy bank shelved down to the beach—the moon shone mistily, and the water appeared to be miles away, though it was in reality only a hundred yards; but the beach being screened from the road made the distance appear greater. There was a hush over land and sea, and their feet made no sound over the soft sand. The water lay like a lake before them, Hayton Island showing like a shadow on the left.

He had taken her hand to help her down the bank, and unconsciously kept it, as he led her down to the water.

"Are you leading me into the unknown?" she asked softly.

"We were very near it a short time ago," he answered.

"You mean—death?" Her voice never faltered.

"Yes. If we hadn't checked them when we did we should have driven sheer into the sea—beyond there is only the ferry that goes over to Hayton Island. Shenstone is the end of nowhere, this is the end of Shenstone. And you were not afraid; you are one in a thousand. It was *I* who was afraid—I who was the coward."

"But not for yourself—I knew that. Only for me—you know."

"Yes—only for you." He turned to her suddenly as they stood by the water's edge. "Do you know what that means? It means that I have fallen in love with you. There! Are you sorry?"

Her eyes shone. "No—oh, no! So glad."

"Glad? Then you— Ah, don't—don't say that. I shouldn't have told you." His voice was hurried.

"Why? I'm glad you told me."

"Because—it's too late."

"Too late?"

"Three months ago—I married."

"Ah!" The joy died out of her eyes. "Tell me about it," she said quietly.

"It was the old, old story of the will. She was a kind of seventeenth cousin, and the money was left to us on condition that we married. I'm sure it is only criminals or lunatics who make these hideous wills. I had no intention of fulfilling the conditions, until I discovered that my cousin had been led to expect the money, and was practically penniless. That, of course, altered the case—and I married her. I was heart-whole—then."

"I see. It was a generous thing to do." Her voice was very soft.

He drank her in with his eyes as she stood there in the moonlight, very sweet and desirable, with her vivid personality and her intense enjoyment of things. He took both her hands and drew a step nearer.

"And you—you, child—what have you done? Here I have known you these few hours, and you have stolen my heart from me. You *must* belong to the magic of the night—one with the fairies."

She tried to draw her hands away. "Do you know," she said seriously, "you mustn't call me 'child'! I am over thirty."

He almost laughed. "What nonsense!"

"But *I am*," she persisted. "I am quite middle-aged."

"And you look twenty-four. It's most deceitful of you!"

She looked quite distressed. "I can't help it—I am *thirty-four*."

"And I am *forty-four*—quite an old man! But don't let us waste time talking nonsense. What are we going to do now we've fessed? I can't lose you." The grip on her hands tightened.

She flushed for a moment as he devoured her with his eyes. "We are both going our separate ways," she said steadily. "That is the only thing to do. The adventure is over."

"No, it isn't over—it can't be. Not now we have met—we are affinities."

"Yes, I know we are affinities; but—you said it yourself—it's too late."

"Not too late for happiness," he almost whispered.

"Where is your wife?"

"In Ireland. I inherited a place near Dublin," he said abruptly.

But she breathed more freely, feeling she had stemmed a torrent.

"You will go back to Ireland"—she said, thinking it out, "and I shall go abroad—I am always nomadic."

There was a pause—her face was resolute.

"I want to kiss you—may I?"

"No." The negative was softly unyielding.

"Is that final?"

"Yes." There was no hesitation.

"Why?"—pleadingly.

She had not been looking at him; now, as she turned her eyes on him, he saw they were wet with tears.

"Don't you realise—oh, please try to understand," she said rather hopelessly; "if you kissed me, you—wouldn't go to Ireland; and I—shouldn't go abroad. I should never have come for the adventure with you to-night if I hadn't known instinctively that you were—yourself, and quite safe to trust. Now—you must act up to yourself—we must go our separate ways; do you understand?"

His face answered hers. "You are right—absolutely right. I should not have asked what I did—there would have been no going to Ireland. But—it was a great temptation. Yes, you can trust me. I am not going to be a cad. It's getting late; we ought to go back to the carriage. Come."

For a moment they looked straight into each others' eyes; it was a silent pledge.

"At all events I'm glad I met you, and have known you even these few hours," she said wistfully. "It will be something nice to remember all my life."

"You *dear* little girl."

"It's just an ordinary fairy tale," she said as they went back over the sand to the carriage, "and the Princess has met the Prince."

"Perhaps in years to come they will live happily ever afterwards—who knows?"

"Perhaps," she answered.

The drive back was almost in silence. He watched her, noticing a little pathetic droop at the corners of her mouth.

They parted at the door of the Cliff Hotel.

"Good-night, Princess."

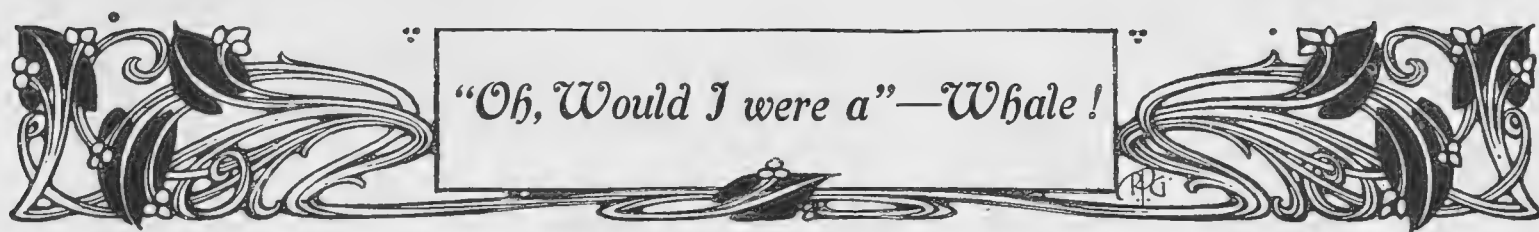
"Good-night, Prince." And she vanished into the hotel.

When she entered her room, a tempting plate of sandwiches awaited her, with a glass of milk beside it. She drank the milk thirstily.

"I shall never seek another adventure," she said with a little sob, as she laid her head on the pillow.

And the plate of sandwiches remained untouched.

THE END.



MISS BESSIE WALTERS AS A MERMAID IN "SINDBAD," AT DRURY LANE.

Setting by "The Sketch"; Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

MAKERS OF THE NATION!



BERTIE: Aw, what do you think of the Channel Tunnel affair—what?

ALGIE: Dunno what to think. What do you think about it, eh?

BERTIE: Aw, I think same as you think, you know.

[They return to the ball-room and ask their partners what they think.]

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

If anything could enhance the interest in the visit of the Duke of the Abruzzi to London, it would be the announcement that he has become betrothed to Princess Hélène of Servia. It is an open secret that he lost his heart—or thought he lost it—a few years ago. But the lady was not royal, and his cousin, the King of Italy, politely vetoed the engagement. Since then the Duke has made himself the most popular man in Italy, not second even to his royal cousin. The King of Italy is a clever, brilliantly clever, little man; but this well-built Duke of the Abruzzi, himself no mean scholar, fascinates the popular imagination with his flying journeys hither and thither—first to the topmost peak in Alaska, then farther north than Nansen, and next to the pinnacle of the Mountains of the Moon. Possibly he may not have been down in a diving-bell, but he has certainly been up in a balloon; he motors like the wind, he rides anything that looks through a bridle, he writes with force and grace, speaks like a born orator. He is the Vavasour of European royalties, with a refreshing dash of the Francis Drake superadded.

Napoleon the Third's Poisonous Cards.

The production of a play in Paris in which for the first time Napoleon III. is a central figure has caused a violent controversy on the colour of his moustache, as *Sketch* readers know. It has also called attention to a little album owned by a well-known Bonapartist, which contains nothing but a series of the visiting-cards of Napoleon III. The cards, which date from 1868, are remarkable for the brilliance of their enamel, which contrasts strongly with the faded and yellow appearance of the cards of the years before and after that date. These cards have a curious history. The brilliant gloss was produced by a special arsenical varnish, which was invented



A FAMOUS CLERICAL CRICKETER ENGAGED: THE REV. FRANK H. GILLINGHAM, OF ESSEX, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS GWENDOLEN SHELFORD.

Photograph by Hawkins and Co.

by the Emperor's stationer, and in 1868, an old soldier, on whom the Emperor had left one of his cards, was so carried away by his emotion that he pressed the paste-board to his lips. He soon afterwards showed symptoms of arsenical poisoning, and the doctor traced the cause to the Emperor's card. The story was discreetly told to the Emperor, who thereupon discontinued the use of these polished cards, with the result that there are now very few specimens of them extant.

An Important Engagement.

The marriage of the eldest of Lord and Lady St. Aldwyn's three daughters to that brilliant soldier baronet, Sir John Keane, interests the great world of politics, as well as the Army and many of the

Sir John Keane is an Irishman, and during the South African War his gallantry earned him mention in more than one despatch. He has a charming place which bears the quaint name of Cappoquin House, in County Waterford, and lately he has won golden opinions as aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Blake, the Governor of Ceylon. Miss Hicks-Beach is clever and cultivated, as befits one who is, through her mother, a Fortescue; her only brother is in the House of Commons, where he bids fair to distinguish himself.

Muscular Christianity.

The impending marriage of the Rev. Frank Hay Gillingham to Miss Gwendolen Shelford, of Hythe, Kent, brings him more congratulations than he can count. It is seldom that a young cleric so rapidly becomes a national figure as he has done. The explanation, of course, is that he is the one man who in the last few years has brought new life and dash into the cricket of the Essex County team. Like Somerset, it did many splendid things, but then for a time invincible lethargy settled down upon the side. It never looked a winning team from the moment it entered the field until stumps were drawn. Then suddenly a young curate from St. Alban's Church, Leyton, of whom nobody had ever heard, appeared in the eleven. Straightway, coming from club cricket to face the best of bowling, he proceeded to treat all attacks alike. He was there to score runs, and he scored them—without, perhaps, the grace of a Palaret or the windmill violence of a Jessop; but he got runs, and got them handsomely. He put new life into the batting, and in the field he was mercury embodied. Essex has not for years dis-

covered such a jewel. He is an Army chaplain now, and his friends are wondering whether his services will still be available for the county. It is greatly to be hoped that they will, for Essex cricket still has need of his pluck and fine spirit.

Cabs, Women, and Poor little Male Examiners. cochères!

A while ago our imagination pictured the streets of Paris given over to the feminine cab-driver. We had the vision of brown ringlets floating in the breeze beneath the black "sailor," and forming the aureole of the charioteer. But we had reckoned evidently without the examiners. The ladies who presented themselves for their licence were "plucked"—badly "plucked." One, a certain Madame Dufant, succeeded in topography, but fell at the practical tests. Now they are saying in Paris that they were too hard on the girls. The hard-hearted examiners—who were men, mark ye—asked them impossible and trick questions. If the

masculine candidates were screwed up to that pitch there would presently be a dearth of cab-drivers. Have we not met *cochers* in the Gay City who looked for the Rue de Grenelle in Montmartre, and were absolutely floored by the Rue du Bac? *Soyons galants, Messieurs.* Give the ladies a chance to hold the reins and to touch up the attenuated steed with a "*Hou, cocotte!*"



CAPTAIN SIR JOHN KEANE, BT., WHO IS ENGAGED TO THE HON. ELEANOR HICKS-BEACH.

Photograph by Poole and Co.

county families. "Black Michael" is affectionately remembered by many members of even the present House of Commons; no statesman living has worked harder for his country, and when the Conservatives were in office Lady Lucy Hicks-Beach, as she then was, became a noted political hostess, famed for the way in which she made a stand against so-called "smart society" and its ways.



THE HON. ELEANOR HICKS-BEACH, WHO IS ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN SIR JOHN KEANE, BT.

Photograph by Langflier.

KEY-NOTES

MR. WAKELING DRY and Dr. H. Markham Lee purpose to give a series of musical entertainments, entitled "The Four o'Clocks," at Messrs. Broadwood's rooms. A lecture will be delivered by Dr. Markham Lee on "Folk-Tunes and Dance-Measures," Mr. Dry will preside at the pianoforte, and there will also be a string and vocal quartet. To quote from the prospectus: "The admission will be by ticket only; price three half-crowns, which will include tea and the customary concomitants. Following the usual practice of theatres, children of suitable age will be admitted at the rate of two for the price of an adult. There will be no reserved seats, but three tickets may be purchased for one pound sterling. In addition to the lecture and the tea, there will be some choice pictures to look at." We trust that Mr. Wakeling Dry and Dr. Markham Lee will meet with every success in their new venture.

Everything promises well for the four weeks' season of German Opera at Covent Garden which started on Monday last. For some time rehearsals have been in full swing under the direction of M. Leopold Reichwein. The chorus has been gathered chiefly from Germany, and with such musicians as the members of the London Symphony Orchestra great things may be expected. His Majesty the King and the Prince and Princess of Wales, together with other members of the Royal Family, have extended their patronage. The revival of Weber's "Der Freischütz" is indeed a very happy idea, for the opera, which is well known all over the Fatherland, is by no means familiar to Londoners. Another interesting feature of this season is, of course, the début of M. Eugène Ysaye as a conductor at Covent Garden. Hitherto he has been best known as a violinist. His first appearance will be at the performance of "Fidelio," when it is hoped that he will make a marked success. On the Continent this musician is already recognised as a conductor.

By the time these words are in print Sir Frederick Bridge will have delivered the first of his series of Gresham Lectures, to have been devoted to "Pelham Humfrey and his music." His second lecture should prove to be exceedingly interesting, for in it he deals with "French Violinists in the Seventeenth Century." It is a subject like this which particularly suits Sir Frederick Bridge, with his rich and varied store of learning. Add to this his knowledge of a hundred and one details which he has gathered together from a wide and careful reading, and it will be readily understood with what interest he is able to unfold his lectures. Another exceedingly interesting paper will be devoted by him to the

operas of Rameau. Rameau takes so prominent a position in the intricate weaving and interweaving of the history of opera that it is well every now and then to survey that art from some such new standpoint as that which Sir Frederick Bridge will doubtless provide for us in this lecture. The last of the lectures deals with a certain Jakob Händl, who flourished at Prague in 1591.



THE FAMOUS VIOLINIST WHO IS TO CONDUCT GRAND OPERA FOR THE FIRST TIME AT COVENT GARDEN: M. EUGÈNE YSAÏE.

M. Ysaye, the famous violinist, is to make his first appearance at Covent Garden as a conductor of grand opera on the occasion of the production of Beethoven's "Fidelio" during the present German opera season. Although known chiefly in this country as a violinist, he is by no means a novice in the art of conducting, for he has wielded the bâton with much success in Brussels, and he conducted some Queen's Hall concerts a few years ago.

Photograph by Park.

display. Perhaps he was at his best in the sketch entitled "How Some People Enjoy Their Holidays," wherein he creates much amusement out of the people who leave their clean and comfortable homes to spend some weeks in uncomfortable and dirty lodgings. He was also very amusing in his illustrations of songs, "Past," "Present," and "Future."



A NEW CONDUCTOR OF GRAND OPERA AT HOME: M. YSAÏE AND HIS FAMILY AT NÉMOURS.

Photograph by Park.

On Thursday afternoon next Mr. Gottfried Galston, under the management of Mr. Leslie Hibberd, proposes to give the first of a cycle of five pianoforte recitals, each recital to be devoted to the works of a different master for that instrument. The first "subject" will be that great and wonderful musician, John Sebastian Bach; the second, Beethoven; the third, Chopin; the fourth, Liszt; and the fifth, Brahms. Mr. Gottfried Galston is an exceedingly clever pianist; he has set himself no light task, but we trust he will emerge from it with great triumph.

At the first of Mr. Grossmith's two humorous and musical recitals, given at the Steinway Hall during the past week, a very large and enthusiastic audience was present. Mr. Grossmith was in excellent form, and, as in the old days, created much laughter and amusement by his versatility and facial display. In a duet with Mr. Grossmith, "Haste to the Wedding," Miss Dorothy D'Egville was dainty and pretty, and sang with much charm. Miss Dorothy Scott gave some recitations with musical accompaniment, and in a coon song was particularly effective. The pianist of the afternoon was Miss Dorothy Forster.

Messrs. Ibbs and Tillett have arranged an Australian concert tour for Madame Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford, to begin in July. Their destination, there is no doubt, will land them in many towns whose repute for musical enthusiasm has already gone before them like the morning star. It is a little strange that neither of these singers has ventured before as far as Australia to gain more laurels. The tour is to last for six months, and half a hundred concerts are already guaranteed. It should be added that both New Zealand and Tasmania are included in this musical voyage, and presumably, if all goes well, Mr. and Mrs. Rumford will be back with us during the early part of next year.

COMMON CHORD.



THE WEAR OF STUDDED TYRES—CROSS-CUT DUNLOPS FOR THE COUNTRY—A TAR-SPREADING COMPETITION—THE LUXURIOUS LANCHESTER—
SIXTY MILES PER HOUR FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

THE leading French firm of pneumatic-tyre makers spare no pains and no money to keep the motoring public on both sides of the Channel posted right up to the last figure in all they should know concerning the care and treatment of their somewhat expensive products. Some little time since, they were at great pains to show why a non-skid tread—that is, a steel-rivet-studded tread—wears out with greater rapidity than a smooth cover. With a rivet-studded tread—or, indeed, any armoured tread—there is absolutely no give-and-take between the cover and the ground. The metallic projections act like spikes on a sprinter's shoes, and prevent the slightest circumferential slip when the drive comes on. The same condition obtains in connection with lateral stress, when the car would side-slip if the treads would let it, and the opposition to this lateral force is for the most part resisted on the spot, and without any give to ease the strain on the tyre.

Moreover, the grip of non-skid treads on a greasy road tempts a driver to take bends and curves much more sharply and at much higher speed than he would otherwise do, while the temptation to drive on the brake is thereby undoubtedly accentuated. For country use particularly I find the adoption of the cross-cut non-skid Dunlops all that is necessary for the safety of a driver who drives, takes corners, and uses his brake as he should do, in consideration for his own pocket, and for the comfort of the other users of the road. If these cross-cut Dunlop non-skid tyres are fitted to all four wheels, they are security enough for all reasonable speeds.

Burdens that in other countries more blessed than this we live in are shouldered by the State (and so charged upon the whole community, who profit by what is done) are in this country largely borne by private citizens, who are forced to combine for the purpose of carrying on work which should properly be performed by the authorities. A case in point is the competition just initiated by

districts. If a horse-drawn or mechanically propelled machine which will reduce the cost of the tar-application by fifty or seventy-five per cent. can be provided we shall soon see many more miles of main roads tar-treated and consequently dustless.

For elegance and comfort few, if any, foreign or native cars can surpass the luxurious Lanchester, a purely British production.

The brilliant designer responsible for the creation of this unique example of motor mechanism had already made his mark in connection with the stationary gas-engine, and, ever averse to the slavish imitation of foreign models, or, indeed, any imitation at all, he has succeeded in evolving a machine which is not only a distinct type, but possesses advantages quite peculiar to itself. The engine presents several particular features which have much to recommend them. For instance, the mechanically operated valves are set in the sides of the cylinder-heads, and have flat spring blades instead of coils; the piston-rings are steel stampings, and the crankshaft of the six-cylinder engine runs in no fewer than seven bearings. A

most ingeniously designed wick carburetter, which will work with petrol of various densities, is used; and there are many other extremely interesting points.

Too late for reference in *The Sketch* of last week, I learnt of Mr. S. F. Edge's intention to drive—or shall I say attempt to drive?—a Napier car for twenty-four consecutive hours at the breathless speed of sixty miles per hour, on the Brooklands motor track, when the same is completed. This will probably be some time in May, and the day after Mr. Charles Jarrott, of Messrs. Jarrott and Letts, will essay to rival or eclipse Mr. S. F. Edge's performance, whatever that may turn out to be. I cannot believe that any man, not even excepting Mr. Edge, can remain at the steering-wheel of a car travelling at over sixty miles per hour—for the speed must exceed a



THE NEW "PRESS-THE-BUTTON" 0-H.P. MOTOR-CAR: AN INGENIOUS CAR MADE OF CAMERAS, AND EXHIBITED IN THEIR SHOP WINDOW BY THE KODAK COMPANY.



THE 0-H.P. CAMERA CAR MEETS A POLICE-TRAP AND AN ACCIDENT: ANOTHER WINDOW DEVICE MADE BY THE KODAK COMPANY.

It will be noted that the cars shown in both these photographs are made up of the Kodak Company's folding cameras, aided by rolls of films, etc.

Photographs by the Topical Press.

the Roads Improvement Association, acting on behalf of the Automobile Club and the Motor Union, with a view to deciding upon the best form of machine for treating existing road-surfaces with tar to allay dust. That tar has so far proved itself superior to any other dust-laying agent cannot be denied, but its application by hand is so expensive as to be almost prohibitory in poor

mile a minute, to gain a margin for tyre-renewals—for the space of a day and a night. Mr. Jarrott, who is to follow his old friend and antagonist, is far from thinking it possible, while Edge is quite sanguine. Who shall decide? Well, the sum must be done to prove it, and the piling-up of a total of 1440 miles twixt sunrise and sunrise will be a thing to see.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE LINCOLN HANDICAP—HORSES TO FOLLOW—RACING-CLUBS.

ALL the good judges are agreed that Polymelus will get top-weight in the Lincoln Handicap, and if Mr. S. Joel decides to run his horse on the Carholme, it is difficult to see what is to beat him. Velocity has improved wonderfully since he has been under the charge of Mr. Peebles, and, as he likes the course, he may be backed by some of the public. A number of people have been waiting for Earla Mor, who has been kept going all the winter, even when the ground was covered with snow. This horse, if sound, is very likely to take his own part in the race. Another to be feared is Dean Swift, provided he is given the preference to Prince William; but the Dean may be saved for the City and Suburban, as he runs so well over the Epsom course. Prince William's form was erratic last year, but if he would only reproduce his Doncaster running, when he was second to Troutbeck for the Leger, he would go very close. Many people, however, look upon that bit of running as a fluke. A useful old chance is Dumbarton Castle, who may not quite stay the Lincoln mile; and the same remark will apply to His Eminence, who is said to be at the very top of his form just now. I cannot bring myself to think that either of the three-year-olds, Saxham and Fra Diavolo, will win on the Carholme. The scale cannot be manipulated to give either a chance; but it can be taken from me that both will do well later on. Kaffir Chief is a useful animal, but he will have to receive heaps of weight from Polymelus to have any chance here. A horse that is very likely to go close if leniently weighted is Roseate Dawn, who is now trained by the invincible Hartigan at Weyhill. A course of hurdle practice has, it is said, made the animal more tractable, and should he only run kindly, he is very likely to finish in the first three at any rate. Those who are fond of bottled-



A WILLIAM TELL OF FLANDERS AT SUNDAY PRACTICE.

Archery is a very popular sport among the workmen of Flanders, and is a favourite recreation on Sundays. The archers shoot at small balls fixed at the top of a high mast.

up old horses should keep an eye on Japan, who is not yet a light of other days.

It is the fashion nowadays at this time of the year to pick out a list of horses that are likely to pay for following; but to work this system successfully plenty of pluck is required. Human nature leads one to suppose that when an animal has run up a long losing sequence he is no good. Oftener than not the horse in question pops up directly he has, so to speak, outlived his welcome, to the chagrin of those who had previously been disconcerted with

put money on them until they have missed several times. But to the 'osses. I think the King's three-year-old Perambulator will be good to follow this year. He is very likely to win the Derby. The White Knight is a very much better horse than many suppose, and he should win one or two big weight-for-age races. Rocketter is a smasher, I am told. He may win the Royal Hunt Cup if not over-weighted. Kaffir Chief is certain to win a big handicap, and Beppo, who is said to have wintered well, can be relied on to pay his way. Baltinglass, if the Newmarket men are not at fault, will very likely win the Two Thousand; while Orwell is already booked "good" for the One Thousand and the Oaks. Naturally, the name of Polymelus crops up, but I am afraid the horse will start at such cramped prices that he will not be worth following. Ramrod must be a smasher, as Lord Rosebery has made a long list of entries for him, and Darling is certain to place the horse to advantage. In following horses the bar should always be put up against unreliable animals, as they generally bring backers to grief in the long run.

Ten years ago I suggested in *The Sketch* that all racing clubs in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis should pool their takings, and by that means issue one badge to cover all the meetings. I notice that at last several sporting writers of note have fallen in with this view. I am certain that the clubs would gain largely by the transaction, while race-goers would be saved a lot of worry and bother thereby. Mr. John Corlett goes one better. He suggests that if the combination wrinkle were adopted a racing club could then be started in London for the benefit of club members, and I think with him that such an institution could be made to pay well. One thing,

it would be the means of bringing followers of the Turf together, when they could discuss their grievances, and formulate schemes to combat these. I proposed some years back that the Jockey Club should acquire the Alexandra Palace, and utilise it as their headquarters, holding a race-meeting once a week during the flat-race season; but I was told that the track could never be made of any use, owing to the impossibility of acquiring any more land. However, there are tracks available in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis, and if the Jockey Club felt disposed, they might do as I suggested. But still I think the other scheme a better one, if it could be guaranteed that at least two days' racing per week would take place in the London district. Perhaps, later on, a scheme might be formulated to allow one subscription to admit to all clubs in England.

Captain Coe's Monday "Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



EXPERT BILLIARD-PLAYER AND RACEHORSE-OWNER, MR. J. P. MANNOCK.

Mr. J. P. Mannock, who is the inventor of the short cue for massé shots, has taken to horse-racing, and is the owner of Piet. This horse won him a race at Gatwick the other day, giving him his first success on the Turf.

Photograph by Halfpence, Ltd.

his ill-luck. To go back a few years, take the case of Despair. I knew of several backers who had supported him every time he ran until he took part in the race for the Royal Hunt Cup. They would have none of him for that race, which he won, starting at 40 to 1 against. Often horses keep on losing because they are not fit. The professional backers know this, and so do not



THE MAN WHO MADE "THE SICK MAN" LAUGH, THE SULTAN OF TURKEY'S TRICK CYCLIST.

Mustafa is Court Cyclist to the Sultan of Turkey, before whom he performs many tricks. He is said to be the only man who has made the Sultan laugh. He originally hailed from Smyrna, and is something of a wit as well as cyclist.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

TO be really on one's way South like the swallows gives one an inexpressible uplifting of the spirit to which few other sensations—even those allied to springtime by the poet—altogether attain. Love ebbs and flows, waxes, wanes, uplifts, depresses, interests but sometimes bores; while one's annual jaunt to the sunlit South remains a perennial pleasure. However gladly

wearables down South, as well as *écru*, cream, putty-colour, and all the various tones of biscuit and fawn which look light, yet do not show the all-pervading dust.

In connection with this penetrating subject, it may be appropriately mentioned that somebody has at last produced a "motor lotion" for the hands and face which is in the last degree soothing and refreshing to the skin. The Misses Allen-Brown—who, by the way, write F.R.H.S. after their names—produce at their Violet Nurseries, Henfield, in Sussex, several excellent specialties which achieve popularity with all who make use of them. These are the aforesaid "English Violet Motor Lotion," a delicious and highly scented English violet soap, and an exceedingly comforting skin cream, which is non-greasy, and can therefore be used at all times, while producing a velvety softness on the hands and face. The preparation is called "Violet Foam," and is, like the Misses Allen-Brown's other toilet preparations, perfumed and impregnated with the violets grown at their nurseries.

In view of the opening of the German Opera Season, it can surely no longer be advanced that we Britishers are an unmusical nation. Many people who visit theatres nowadays frankly go to see the gowns—more, no doubt, to be amused and temporarily taken out of themselves, as the phrase goes; but a public also exists which adores sensation and enjoys harrowing situations. Bullfights and public executions being denied them, a play with some really good, stirring horrors proves immensely acceptable, and those good people must have had almost a surfeit of horrors at the Court lately, where "The Campden Wonder" has caused such a



[Copyright.]

A CHIC DINNER GOWN.

one goes away, one inevitably, somehow, returns as gladly to the purple tideless shores, the mimosa-scented hedges, the golden sunshine brightening every living thing into movement and colour on the edges of the enchanting Mediterranean. When Alphonse Karr wrote, "The single drawback of its coasts is that they spoil all other countries and make them uninhabitable," he can hardly be said to have exaggerated, for however deeply our anchors are embedded elsewhere, once seen, the gorgeous South is always calling us back, and we return there to occasional holiday-making with all the half-forgotten enthusiasms of childhood.

Perhaps women get even more fun out of their Riviera jaunts than do their male escorts, inasmuch as a greater vista of chiffons opens out there than anywhere else, not excepting Paris itself. Women from all places, of all positions (accessible by money), notorious, famous, or only well known, foregather on the Terrace at Monte; and even did no interest attach to their personalities, their gowns compel attention always, admiration often, imitation not infrequently, and are at all times a source of deepest interest to all other members of the sex. Included as an inevitable accompaniment of one's Riviera outfit nowadays is the "altogether" for motoring—as becomingly rendered as the exigencies will allow. Everybody motors everywhere, and those guileless people who propose quietly driving along the Corniche or elsewhere in pursuit of scenery will find themselves covered with dust, swallowing dust, blinded by dust, seeing nothing but dust, raised by the wild career of the never-ceasing motors. White-silk motor toques, with veils attached, and coats of the same virginal material, are favourite



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A WALKING-DRESS IN VELVET.

sensation that the daily papers are quite busy over the advisability or otherwise of thrilling their cherished public too intensely. "The Doctor's Dilemma" is fairly strong food, but it is a water wafer to the first-named. Yet that it draws is attested by the nightly crowd thronging the favourite little theatre. Miss Marie Tempest enlivened the surroundings on Thursday evening by

appearing in a "creation" of pale-pink chiffon artistically decorated with touches of black put on with obvious Parisian ability. A pink osprey that looked quite twelve inches in length was fixed in her hair, a violet velvet cloak lavishly embellished with sables completing the effect.

Thanks be to the powers that be, a few silencing restrictions are about to be imposed on the crushing, tearing, rending, grinding, and deafening career of motor-omnibuses. Amongst other restrictions it is advised that the routes are to be defined by the Police Commissioner, so that there may be a chance of a few back-slums being made sharers of the pandemonium which now makes day and night hideous in such once peaceful places as Onslow Square, Park Lane, Grosvenor Gardens, and other highly-rented localities. Thunderous vans bringing earthshaking trailers in their wake may no longer select the middle of the night, when groaning citizens lie open-eyed, with shattered nerves, for their lawless progress, while various bye-laws are in course of recommendation with the object of making London once more possible as a place of habitation to its greatly harassed inhabitants.

The children's Lord Mayor was intensely in his own particularly kind-hearted element at the Mansion House Ball, surrounded by small mites in all possible guises and disguises, on Wednesday night. Some of the dresses were delightful; many were amusingly realistic, though incongruous on their small wearers. Two Gollywogs made the most fun, acting up to their droll parts with the utmost vivacity. Mrs. Seymour Hicks's little girl was a pretty picture; Miss Annie Hughes' son was admirably made up, and the Robin Hood of Sir Harry North's son was most historically picturesque. SYBIL.

Mlle. LORRAINE.

WE regret extremely that in our issue of Dec. 26th we published a portrait of Mlle. Lorraine, with a statement to the effect that she had been sued by a jeweller in Paris in respect of a pearl necklace which she had never purchased. We did not conceive at the time the portrait and paragraph were published that it was possible to put any construction upon the words which could in any conceivable way reflect on Mlle. Lorraine, who assures us that no such incident has ever occurred in her career. As we unhesitatingly accept her statement, we feel it is our duty to tender the amplest apology and expression of regret to her for the mistake, which we assure her was made purely by inadvertence.

THE PYJAMA DRAMA.

THE forthcoming transference of "Toddles" to the Play-

house may revive the remarks that have been made in connection with the now famous suit of pyjamas worn by Mr. Maude in the piece. It was, no doubt, the fact that pyjamas are usually worn in the seclusion of one's own room which furnished the occasion for the comments, for there is certainly no more indelicacy in them than there is in a flannel outfit for cricket or tennis.

No one would ever dream of accusing Mr. Barrie of writing a line or introducing a suggestion which could possibly bring the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence, or offend the ear or eye of even the most susceptible; yet, on the stage of the Duke of York's Theatre, for three Christmastides in succession he has presented the spectacle of the Pyjama Drama, for who can forget the little Darlings in their nighties and their pyjamas all comfortably tucked up in their beds before the advent of Peter Pan and Tinker Bell brought them up all wide awake to have such a delightful time?

Who, too, can possibly forget beautiful Miss Pauline Chase, now promoted to be Peter, in the pyjamas of her Pillow-case Dance, and all the other benighted children in the second act of the play? It was, by the way, a pair of pyjamas which first brought Miss Chase into prominence. It was in America, in a musical comedy called "The Liberty Belle," that she appeared as the Pink Pyjama Girl, among a bevy of pretty girls all wearing fluffy white nighties, and they were the sensation of the play, and practically made its reputation, so that it was acted to crowded houses for a long time. The Pink Pyjama Girl even inspired a song sung in that costume by Miss Gabrielle Ray at the Gaiety.

At the Apollo Theatre one of the most applauded numbers in "The Dairymaids" was a song to some little girls in their nightgowns just before they toddled off to bed. Children, however, can do many things and can appear in costumes which fail to draw the least remonstrance from the most strait-laced, furnishing another proof of the famous proverb, that "to the pure all things are pure," for no one could by any possibility make any suggestion of impropriety in the case of a blue-eyed, golden-haired little mortal in a dainty befrilled and beribboned garment, reaching from her throat to her toes—or to a dark-haired, dark-eyed child.

The Pyjama Drama is, however, only a "modern instance" in a subject which goes far back in the history of the British theatre, in just the same way as our coat and trousers have developed from the satin coat and breeches of the Powder period, or from the trunks and tunics of the great Elizabethan age. Who first introduced pyjamas or their equivalent nobody could probably say. Certainly, Thomas Heywood, whose "Woman Killed with Kindness," one of the first domestic dramas of the stage, as we understand the term, did so. The admirers of Shakspeare are constantly declaring that he is the most modern of all dramatists. He was certainly one of the writers of the Pyjama Drama, and bolder than any modern playwright, Bernard Shaw not excepted; he did not introduce the garment of the bedroom into his comedies, but "went the limit" and actually put it into the tragedies. When, after the murder of Duncan, Lady Macbeth heard the knocking at the gate which proclaimed the arrival of Macduff, did she not bid her husband to "get on his nightgown"? And perhaps when one of the many proposed Macbeths produces the play this season he may bring on the Thane of Cawdor in that garment worn under a dressing-gown. Lady Macbeth herself certainly wore her nightgown when in her sleep-walking scene she "gave herself away" so terribly to the Doctor and the Gentlewoman. If exception is taken to the fact that in both cases a dressing-gown is worn, no such plea can be urged in the case of "Romeo and Juliet," "Cymbeline," or in the last act of "Othello," when Desdemona, like Imogen, is discovered in bed. The realistic actress always wears a regulation nightdress with angel-sleeves to make it look old-fashioned, even though she does not, as one famous Desdemona did, go to bed in high-heeled white satin shoes.

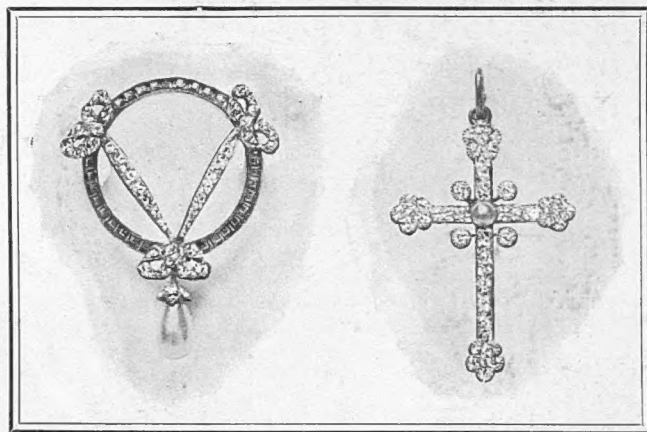
One of the great test-parts of the French drama which has always exercised considerable fascination for our own actresses is the name-part in "Camille," the last act of which discovers the heroine in bed. An American actress by no means unknown in London created a great effect when she played the part by wearing an ordinary nightdress and going regularly to bed before the curtain rose, so that when she got out of bed it was seen that she had no stockings on, and she realised the opening lines of Sir John Suckling's "Ballad upon a Wedding," changing, of course, the familiar petticoat of the text, beneath which her feet, "like little mice, stole in and out," to suit the exigencies of the occasion. When Mrs. Patrick Campbell produced "Beyond Human Power," it will be remembered that she had to play practically the whole of one act in bed in a nightdress.

Again, in "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," produced a few years ago at the Avenue, did not Miss Lottie Venne wear a *robe de nuit*, as did many of the actresses in "A Night Out," at the Vaudeville?

The extraordinary value which may lurk within a fold of bed-clothes was, perhaps, never more vividly demonstrated than in the case of "The Worst Woman in London," when it was produced at the Adelphi. In that play the appearance of a gentleman in a long white garment reaching down to his toes evoked laughter loud and long, to be repeated at frequent intervals as he moved about the bedroom, which the scene represented, until he finally got into bed. Even the fact that in going to bed he was going to be murdered could not restrain the feelings of the audience, and that scene alone probably did not a little to secure the run of the play for many weeks, and to prove that there is money in the Pyjama Drama.

"The Great Revivalist" is the humorous title which has just been bestowed on Mr. Frederick Harrison, in view of the fact that the revival of "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" follows immediately on the revival of "The Man from Blankley's." Anyone who assumes that the "Great Revivalist's" present policy is dictated by poverty or paucity of new material will fall into a gross error. Nothing could be further from the real facts of the case. Mr. Harrison has revived "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" merely because he wanted to. At the present time he has more plays accepted than generally fall to the lot of any manager. Indeed, it is not betraying a confidence to state that never, during his long managerial career, has he had so many plays in hand as he holds at the present time ready for production. The reason for this is that he is always looking out for and reading new work, no matter whether he knows the name of the author or not.

Mr. John W. DeKay, President of the Mexican National Packing Company, gave a dinner at the Savoy Hotel on Thursday night last to some of the distinguished Mexicans at present in this country. Mr. DeKay proposed the health of President Diaz, Vice-President Corral, Ministers Limantour and Mariscal, and Senators Camacho and Alfaro. The party afterwards paid a visit to His Majesty's Theatre, where they were joined by M. De Beisteguie, Chargé d'Affairs of the Mexican Legation.



DELIGHTFUL BIJOUTERIE AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S:
AN EMERALD-AND-DIAMOND BROOCH, AND A PEARL-AND-DIAMOND CROSS.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 29.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"PAY-DAY gives me the hump," remarked The Jobber.

"For obvious reasons," The Broker told him.

"Yes, I can't bear to take money from brokers," was the affable reply. "They get so few pleasures, poor little chaps."

Whereat The Engineer thought it high time to interject a doubt concerning the permanence of the Kaffir rise.

"Scorners and doubters never made money," laughed The Merchant.

"No; you want to shut your eyes and take big risks if you are to make much money," agreed The Engineer.

"Or lose it," The Banker added.

"Of course, the thing is to lose other people's money where possible," The City Editor cynically said. "And the Stock Exchange provides ample opportunities for members to speculate wildly on a minimum of capital."

The Jobber admitted that the system wanted an overhaul.

"But there is no trouble in the House now," he continued cheerfully. "Everyone is making money—"

"Out of Kaffirs?" asked The Engineer.

"And other things. They all tell me Kaffirs will go still better; but, candidly, I'm afraid to follow them."

"Rand Mines will go to 10 eventually."

"That's the sort of thing to buy, of course. The outcrops are done for, so far as speculation is concerned."

"Granted. But the Land shares will always be pushed up whenever a market revival comes."

"Rand Mines aren't Land shares."

"Land shares and Finance Companies' shares. See how Gold Trusts have risen?"

"I'm going to wait a bit before I put my people into Kaffirs," said The Broker. "The market's too uncertain, and I believe we shall see them all lower before long."

"Know anything about Entre Rios, Brokie?" inquired The Merchant.

"Well, the traffics are good, and there's no doubt that in time the line will be connected in some way or other with the Argentine North-Eastern."

"I am told to buy the First Preference stock. It doesn't pay the full 5 per cent. yet, I understand."

"I believe the stock got $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in each of the last two years, but the full 5 is sure to be forthcoming next time."

"What's the price of the stuff?"

"Little under 90, I think. It's sure to go to par, sooner or later. Last year it went somewhere near 109."

"You regard it as a good speculative investment?" The Banker leant forward to ask.

"Quite good, Sir. You have not told us yet when the Bank Rate is coming down."

"I have renounced guessing," said the old gentleman. "In Lombard Street we shall be glad to see a reduction."

"But the banks are making big profits out of the 6 per cent. Bank Rate, surely?"

The Banker said it was very much a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul.

"At any rate, all the banking reports are good," The City Editor pointed out. "And when you pay 4 per cent. for money on deposit, and lend it to the Stock Exchange at 7 per cent., the banks must obviously be making a fine thing out of it."

"So there you are, Sir!" cried The Jobber. "If you require further instruction in your own business, there's a young man here who—"

"May I explain?" and The Banker waved a deprecatory hand at The Jobber. "Deposit accounts are, as you know, run on a basis of seven days' call, whereas the Stock Exchange settlements are bi-monthly."

"You mean that deposit-money cannot always be employed in the House?" said The Broker.

"Yes. This particular money, or the bulk of it, must be used from day to day, and we are only getting about 4 per cent. for it. So there is no profit, or very little, you see."

"But if the Bank Rate came down, surely—"

"Not necessarily. We should reduce the deposit rate; but many of us think that the day-to-day rate would be maintained, and we should then get a better profit; you see?"

"Go it, young 'un," said The Jobber to The City Editor. "Your turn now."

"When the Rate comes down, you cannot charge the Stock Exchange so much for the fortnightly loans," The Broker took up the running.

"Loans made out of customers' balances on current account," The City Editor put in. "And upon which you pay no interest at all."

"I did not say there were no advantages attaching to a high Rate," said The Banker, smiling quietly. "Naturally, it benefits us in some respects; that is quite apparent."

"You think it over, my son," The Jobber counselled The City Editor. "It will keep you out of mischief."

"And don't advise your readers to deal either with bucket-shops

or with Mr. William Sikes," The Engineer said with a laugh, which The Carriage echoed.

"Mount Lyells are going to three for a dead cert.," The Broker told them.

"That is so," The Engineer confirmed. "Better buy than Kaffirs."

"Sell Zincs, and put the tin into Lyells," The Broker went on, as he alighted with some rapidity.

A COUPLE OF MINES.

Those who put any portion of their capital into mining shares ought to keep a distinction clearly in mind: they should regard their purchases either as a mining investment or as a speculation pure and simple. Many people will say that no mining share can be treated as an investment, and up to a certain point they are perfectly correct; but if a mine be thoroughly well proved, have large reserves of ore in sight, be honestly managed, and so forth, there is no reason why money should not be safely and profitably invested in it, provided always that the investor understands clearly that he is putting his money into a wasting security, and must therefore reinvest a portion of his income to replace capital. To make my meaning clearer I will give to-day an instance (1) of a mining share which I should regard as a first-class *mining investment*, (2) of a mining share with brilliant prospects which may prove an excellent *speculation*, but is at present nothing more than a good mining risk.

(1) There is, perhaps, at the moment no sounder mining investment than *Kalgurli* shares. The mine has been opened up to the 1150-foot level, and the lowest levels so far opened are the richest. The main shaft has been sunk to 1371 feet, and has passed through payable ore in many places. A winze sunk 64 feet from the lowest level has been in rich ore all the way, the last 12 feet being worth £7 per ton. All this points to a very large tonnage of payable ore being opened up in the next few years, which will go to swell the already considerable reserves of ore. These reserves amounted in August last to 650,000 tons of ore actually opened up, of a recoverable value of 60s. per ton.

The reserves have been further increased since the date of the report. The cost per ton for mining and treatment last year was just over 20s., and a saving of about 2s. per ton is expected on the larger tonnage to be treated this year. There is therefore *in sight* ore worth in round figures £2,000,000, from which a profit will be earned of £1,300,000, or nearly £11 per share. For the current year, the manager expects to treat 132,000 tons, which will give a gross profit of £264,000, and enable the Company to pay from 30s. to £2 per share in dividends on the capital of £120,000. There will be no difficulty in maintaining quarterly dividends of 7s. 6d., with a probable bonus in addition. I think that any of your readers who invest in *Kalgurli* shares will receive a very satisfactory income from their investment, and are likely to see their shares improve steadily to £15 or over.

(2) In the small space left me, I can do little more than mention the name of the mining share which I hear from a good source is likely to prove an excellent speculation. This is the *Hampden Cloncurry Copper Mine*, with an issued capital of £150,000, out of a total nominal capital of £200,000. Development work is proceeding briskly, and it is estimated that in the upper levels of the mine there is copper worth, at present price of copper, over £2,000,000. I understand that the railway to Cloncurry is being pushed ahead rapidly; and that a branch line will be constructed to connect the mines with the main line.

Q.

Saturday, Jan. 12, 1906.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor,"

The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

ROSEBUD.—We should hold the South Metropolitan Gas stock. The value of money has greatly changed since you bought at 140.

CAP.—You have had your query answered.

HOPEFUL.—The Copper shares really seem cheap; but when you can take a good profit, don't be too greedy.

WATKINS.—We can hear nothing encouraging of the first two Companies on your list, while of the third we can get no reliable information, good or bad.

QUEENSLANDER.—We think the Exploration shares worth holding. As to the Broken Hill concern, it has disappointed us so often that we dare not advise a purchase.

J. E. P.—The two Corporations are quite distinct, and have very little in common. Success of the Zinc Corporation would undoubtedly favourably influence the other Company.

B. W. T.—Undoubtedly "Q's" estimate, if it is wrong, errs on the conservative side. Our Broken Hill letter gave data for anyone to make a calculation for himself.

J. M.—We wrote you fully on the 9th inst.

F. A. L. (Manchester).—Our opinion is that Central London has about reached low-water mark in traffics, and that they should be held, rather than sold, at the present level of prices.

WORK.—In the present booming state of the iron and coal trade the shares you name may be held with hope of an improvement.

KALLY.—Never put limits, but always take a reasonable profit. Consols depend on the money market; and as to the mines, there is a reasonable prospect of an improvement at any rate.

A REGULAR READER.—The Brewery suffers from fear of legislation this year. It has a reserve fund of £480,000, and only two classes of shares. The following securities should suit you: (1) Mexican Central Railway Securities Company A Debentures. (2) Buenos Ayres and Pacific 5 per cent. Preference shares. (3) River Plate Gas shares. (4) Mellin's Food for Australia Preference shares. (5) Trustees and Executors Ordinary Stock.

W. J. W.—See "Q's" note in this week's issue. Waihi shares are also good, or Great Cobar. These are more speculative.

A. F. L.—Your letter was fully answered on the 8th inst.

M. T.—We refuse to advise your nurse to risk all her savings as she seems to be doing. The stocks recommended to A Regular Reader are the sort of thing she should hold.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

There should be good sport at Manchester, and some of the following should go close: *Palatine Steeplechase*, *Island Chief*; *Ellesmere Hurdle*, *Sarto*; *Pendleton Steeplechase*, *King Pluto*; *Broughton Hurdle*, *Time Test*; *Bury Hurdle*, *Wise Lad*; *Cheshire Hurdle*, *Viper*; *Irwell Steeplechase*, *Chit Chat*; *Castle Steeplechase*, *Agony*; *City Hurdle*, *Honours*; *Egerton Hurdle*, *Coal Sack*; *Salford Steeplechase*, *Medico*. At Wye The Farmer may win the *Canterbury Steeplechase*; and Cassia Bark the *Wye Hurdle*. At Hurst Park the following should go close: *Surbiton Steeplechase*, *Lord Cork*; *New Year Hurdle*, *Dafila*; *Maiden Hurdle*, *McYardley*; *Middlesex Steeplechase*, *Royal Rouge*; *January Hurdle*, *Ivan*; *Weir Hurdle*, *Reptile*; *Novices' Hurdle*, *Camoens*; *Open Steeplechase*, *Do Be Quick*.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

IT is good to come across such a volume as "The County Road" by Alice Brown (Constable). True, it is made up of short stories, but somehow or other all the characters seem to be friends. All the tales are about country folk, their small triumphs and sorrows. We have had nothing so successful since Miss Wilkins's first short stories. "The County Road" romances are perhaps not quite so delicate, but they are full of love and laughter and tears. The best tales are undoubtedly those with gleams of fun. "A Day Off" describes a meddling husband. Abigail, his wife, "had not owned it even to her most secret soul, but she was tired of his innocent supervision of indoor affairs, the natural product of his idleness." Jonathan interferes in little, petty, disturbing ways with his daughter Claribel, who is engaged to be married. The mother contrives to ward off disappointment for the girl. "To her mind youth was youth. There were times when one wanted things, and if they had to be put off they were not the same. One bud could never open twice." So Abigail lies like a trooper to Jonathan while Claribel slips out to join her lover. All that day Abigail tells innocent lies. And to her surprise she likes it. He inquires how many eggs she is putting in the cake she is making. She replies "One." (At the instant of speaking she took two eggs from the basket, and, one in either hand, broke them at the same instant upon the edge of the bowl.) In the evening, as they are going up to bed, she discusses right and wrong with her husband—

"You take the lamp," said Jonathan. Then he remembered that the argument should be clinched, and added with his Sunday manner—

"The way o' the transgressor is hard."

"It ain't," asserted Abigail at the stairs. "It's elegant."

"The Opened Shutters," by Clara Louise Burnham (Constable), also an American book, is pleasant, fresh, and vigorous. The sweet airs of the country breathe through its pages, and there is a kind of fragrant simplicity about the story at once delightful and rare. Sylvia Lacey, the daughter of an artistic ne'er-do-weel, is left an orphan. Her mother's brother, Judge Calvin Trent, a famous man, and her father's sister, Miss Martha Lacey, are her guardians. These two folk were once in love themselves.

Twenty-five springs had rolled by now since he had proposed to her. She had hesitated for a week or so, and then, some difference arising between them, she had refused him.

The two are admirably hit off. Miss Lacey has been to consult with the Judge about Sylvia.

Her eyes swept the dingy ante-room. "Good-bye, Calvin; it's been a relief to talk to you," she said.

They shook hands. "If I'd married him," thought Miss Lacey, "that room wouldn't look like that."

The Judge softly closed the door behind her. "There, but for the grace of God," he murmured devoutly, "goes Mrs. Calvin Trent."

Neither of them wanted Sylvia. The Judge sent his assistant, the young lawyer, John Dunham, to look her up. He found her pale, pretty, proud, inclined to marry a middle-aged actor. Matters were settled by sending Sylvia to Thinkright's farm, and there the country part of the book begins, and Sylvia's life and awakening to happiness are described. Thinkright is an unforgettable character. Eventually Sylvia marries Dunham. Miss Burnham has a charming fancy, and again and again she gives us pretty, graceful, and unexpected scenes. Her book deserves cordial praise.

"Abbots Verney," by R. Macaulay (Murray), is not a novel for the multitudes. The plot is neither sprightly nor sensational. Verney Ruth is his grandfather's heir. Verney's father, Meyrick, has been banished abroad for his sins. The story deals with Verney's relationship to the Colonel, his grandfather, and to Meyrick, his scapegrace father. The Colonel is stern and upright, and desires Verney to have nothing to do with his father. Meyrick turns up in his son's room at Oxford suddenly, and Verney receives him. Such a situation in real life would have its pauses, its intervals, when nothing actual was taking place between the three men. Miss Macaulay has not been afraid to reproduce them in her book.

"Carpenter and King," by Anna Maxwell (R.T.S.), shows a good deal of originality. Miss Maxwell is probably a young writer. Her book bears every trace of it. She is terribly in earnest, and more than once is carried away by her own eloquence. She has, however, plenty of vivacity, and can tell a story excellently. The plot is briefly this—Miriam Montague is a beautiful young Jewess, and an only child. Her parents await her return from Newnham with some impatience. They are living on the Riviera, but Mr. Montague travels to London to meet his daughter. He takes her to "The Merchant of Venice," at the Lyceum, on their first evening together. Miriam is feeling sadly troubled, and the play does not help her; for during her sojourn at college (where, by the way, she has taken a First Class), she has changed her religious views and become an orthodox Christian. It is on this point that the story chiefly turns. There is perhaps too much argumentative talk all the way through; but then Miss Maxwell's is a novel with a purpose. Miriam in the midst of all her difficulties meets David Adams, a young Jew, and falls in love with him. Fresh complications. The lover is a good violin-player, but "not a hair of his closely cropped head could tell of his soul being so deeply moved by the music." The father is the sort of man who sits by the fire "in silent frowns." Poor Miriam! However, things turn out well on the whole.

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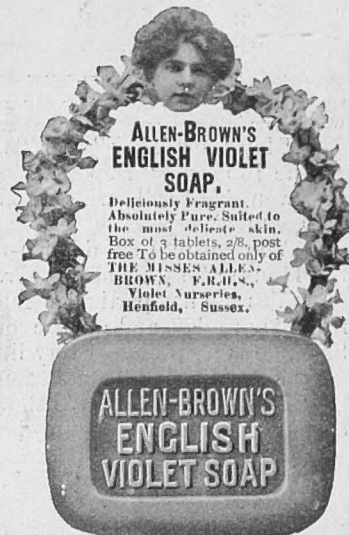
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